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DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN, B.A.

ARAB SLAVE TRADERS.

THE present errand of Mr. H. M. Stanley up the Congo to the succour of Emin Bey cannot fail to recall in the minds of many that other journey, when Mr. Stanley, then a comparatively unknown newspaper-writer, traversed the Dark Continent to find a lost explorer. "Find Livingstone!" was the brief instruction given the young correspondent in gay Paris by that prince of publishers, James Gordon Bennett; and after hard travelling, hard fighting, and harder planning, on the morning of the 10th of November, 1871, the intrepid Stanley

stood on the crest of a vine-hung hill in mid-Africa, looking down on the palm-girt and guarded town of Ujiji, wherein, Livingstone's faithful servant Susi had just told him, there rested for a moment in his march that missionary, who was a scientist, an explorer, and a *man*—David Livingstone.

Threading the streets of the town, Stanley pushed through curious groups of thronging natives until, at last, surrounded

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

by a *coterie* of his own, was seen a grey-bearded white man, clad in worn grey trousers, a faded red-sleeved waistcoat, and wearing a blue cap that had once been proud of its gold band.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

For six years the great explorer had not heard "white man's" English. On the other hand, Stanley stood face to face with the best talked-of man among civilized peoples, and could go

back now and tell an anxious world that the lost Livingstone had been found. Little wonder if the clasped hands tremble, or that the day has faded into evening and the night grown grey, before these men have heard from each other sufficient of the two worlds they represent.

The man who was thus greeted was one of the finer vessels into which God puts a greater share of His Spirit. Inspiration did not die with the apostles; but now and then a creature is lifted well above the level of common humanity and entrusted with a great idea, about which clusters his will, his desires, his faculties, until he seems to move, the high-born thought vivified, humanized. Such an one is free-willed still. But it does seem to human obscurity as if the Divine One sometimes picks out a Columbus, a Newton, a Franklin, a Livingstone, and so impresses him with the imperious necessity of a great work that his will, free as infinity, is yet omnipotently bent to the task. Such was David Livingstone. Born in 1813, he was entered at the age of ten as a "piecer" in the Blantyre Cotton Works, that overlooked the Clyde a little way above Glasgow. He seldom joined in the sports of the other lads, not because of churlishness, but even then little "Davie" seemed to have no time to spare for anything but work. His first week's wages bought a Latin grammar, and by patient plodding at home, meagre instructions at a night school, and even amid the whirl of the machinery, resting his book on a portion of the "spinning jenny," he managed to gain quite a knowledge of the classics, and a rude mixture of science and travel that was afterwards very much added to by attendance during the winters at Glasgow University. Quite early he had determined to go, when old enough, as a missionary to China, studying hardest at medicine that he might heal the bodies of the people and thus win their confidence—an important aid to soul-healing. On the advice of friends, but more from a lack of funds to pay his own way (something Livingstone dearly liked to do), he offered his services, late in September, 1838, to the London Missionary Society, and was sent by them to their Training College, at Chipping Ongar, in Essex. After some two years in the school, in company with such men as Hay, Taylor and Drummond, he was judged fit to enter upon active work among those of God's creatures who dwell in the night of heathen darkness. An opium war in China forbade the carrying out of his earlier schemes; so, after three months' sea-voyage he found himself

at Cape Town, South Africa, with instructions to journey on to Algoa Bay and thence to the thirty-year-old station at Kuruman, no less than seven hundred miles from Cape Town, beyond which he was to push still further inland into entirely new territory among the Bekuena or Bakwains.

Some writers have pictured the young Scotch lad as failing at heart and half-sickening with loneliness when thus buried in trackless forests, neither understanding nor understood by the ignorant heathen about him, the very leaves upon the trees and the twitter of the birds strange; and, as human nature goes,

A Native of Rua, with Typical Headdress.

their blunder is quite natural. But they have failed to read aright the character of Livingstone; he was travelling in the path of duty; and from the time when with boyish hands he pushed aside the merry Scottish lads and lasses to con his Latin primer, till he died on his knees in the heart of Africa, that path was never cheerless, never lonely. Some men do duty from principle, Livingstone did it as a pleasure.

This period of his life is pleasingly outlined by a popular writer in a chapter bearing the somewhat ambiguous title, "Married and Nearly Killed"; he is, at least, faultless in his knowledge of sequences. Livingstone soon left the Bakwains and took a three months' furlough at Kuruman, where he

arranged the scenery for the first act of the tragedy above mentioned, with the aid of Miss Moffat, eldest daughter of the famous African missionary, who afterward proved a fitting and true mate to her hard-willed, tender-hearted husband. After some time spent in learning the language in seclusion from all European society at Lepelole, he set out on a search after a suitable spot for the founding of a mission, finally choosing the beautiful valley of Mabtosa, where, on a lion-hunt (not for pleasure, mark you, but from the true Livingstonian motive of killing the destroyer of his people's cattle), the second act nearly resulted in a cruel death under the paw of the shaggy "forest king."

His marriage was celebrated in 1844, when he took his bride out among the Bakwains, with whom he laboured, reaping much good and sowing far more, until 1849. During this time he had vanquished the "rain doctors," won over many of the people, and so thoroughly converted the chief, Sechele, that he learned to read the Scriptures and sent away all his unlawful wives. But finding his work here practically paralyzed by aggressions of the slave-trading Dutch Boers, he resolved to cross the great Kalahari desert and penetrate the unknown regions beyond, virgin to civilized foot. So, starting on June 1st, 1849, accompanied by Colonel Steele, Mr. Oswell, and a fair train of oxen, horses and men, our missionary-explorer pushed out into the dry stretch of desert and journeyed under great difficulty, impeded by hostile tribes and want of water and food, until on August 1st—exactly two months after his start—he stood gazing across the broad waters of Lake Ngami, now cooling for the first time Caucasian eyes. Learning from a band of African "Quakers," whom he found on the shores of Ngami—so called because of their refusal to fight at any time—of a great tribe beyond the lake, called the Makololo, totally distinct from the Bechuana nation who ruled the entire region to the south, Livingstone was naturally very anxious to carry the Gospel amongst them. And after meeting with numerous discouragements and making two journeys back to Kuruman—the last almost in despair—the dauntless pioneer, encouraged by the eagerness of the Makololo chief to receive him, overcame the jealousy of rival tribes, marched round the lake he had failed to cross, and at last greeted Chief Sebituane among his own people.

If the peaceful tribes to the south of the lake could be called imitators of Penn and his war-hating followers, then this brawny-armed warrior, who, with a handful of marauders, had run atilt at Africa and now reigned over the best of her savage millions, might be termed the Alexander of the sons of Ham. Keen, brave, generous, successful, he conquered the hearts of his opponents as well as their armies; and with his friendship Livingstone had gained a safe entrance into all the purely native regions of the continent. He was only trammelled and harassed where civilized man had come with his slave trade and his rum traffic; the first monster has been choked to death under the knee of Magna Charta Englishmen; the second—the more insidious devil of the two—is still

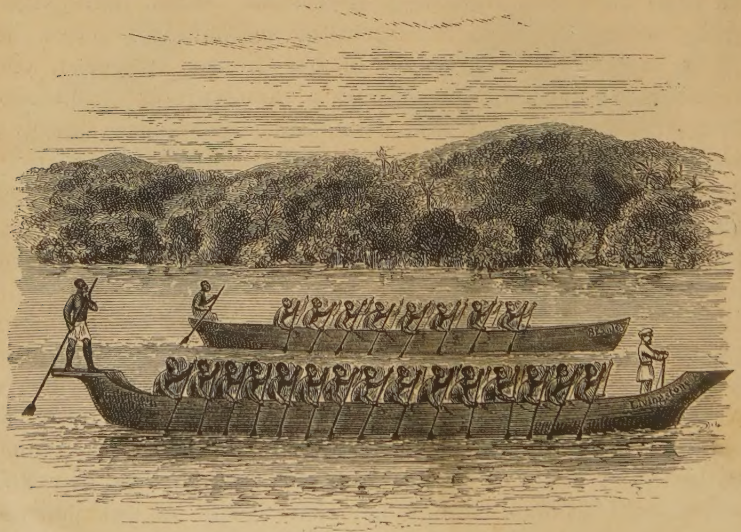
Typical African Headdresses.

pushing its deadly tentacles into the very heart of poor Africa, tearing the Bible from before hopeful eyes to thrust in the rum bottle, closing forever all avenues against the missionary and the Christian, and doing all this under the sanction of the British Government—nay, more, answering the indignant protests of a sober and suffering people with the cruel glitter of British bayonets. God has made England His chosen nation in modern times; to her He has given in sacred trust Africa, India, and the "isles of the sea"; but if her emblem among these peoples—craving for the true light—be a beer-keg, let her not be surprised if the flag of Waterloo fall from the vanguard; if her navy—degraded to be the bully of the rum-lords—be broken in power, and some other nation, with purer rulers and higher motives, be given the guardianship of God's orphans.

Soon after Livingstone's arrival, Sebituane sickened and died, leaving his chieftainship to a daughter, bearing the musical name—for most of these African names thrill with music—Mamochisane. Livingstone, too, finding no healthy place through this marshy district, journeyed down to the Cape with his wife and little ones and sent them to England, while he went back to search out some spot that could be made a centre for Christian work among these people. Thus buried alone in Africa for years, his friends—in which list you may safely catalogue every heart in civilization—knew nothing accurately about him.

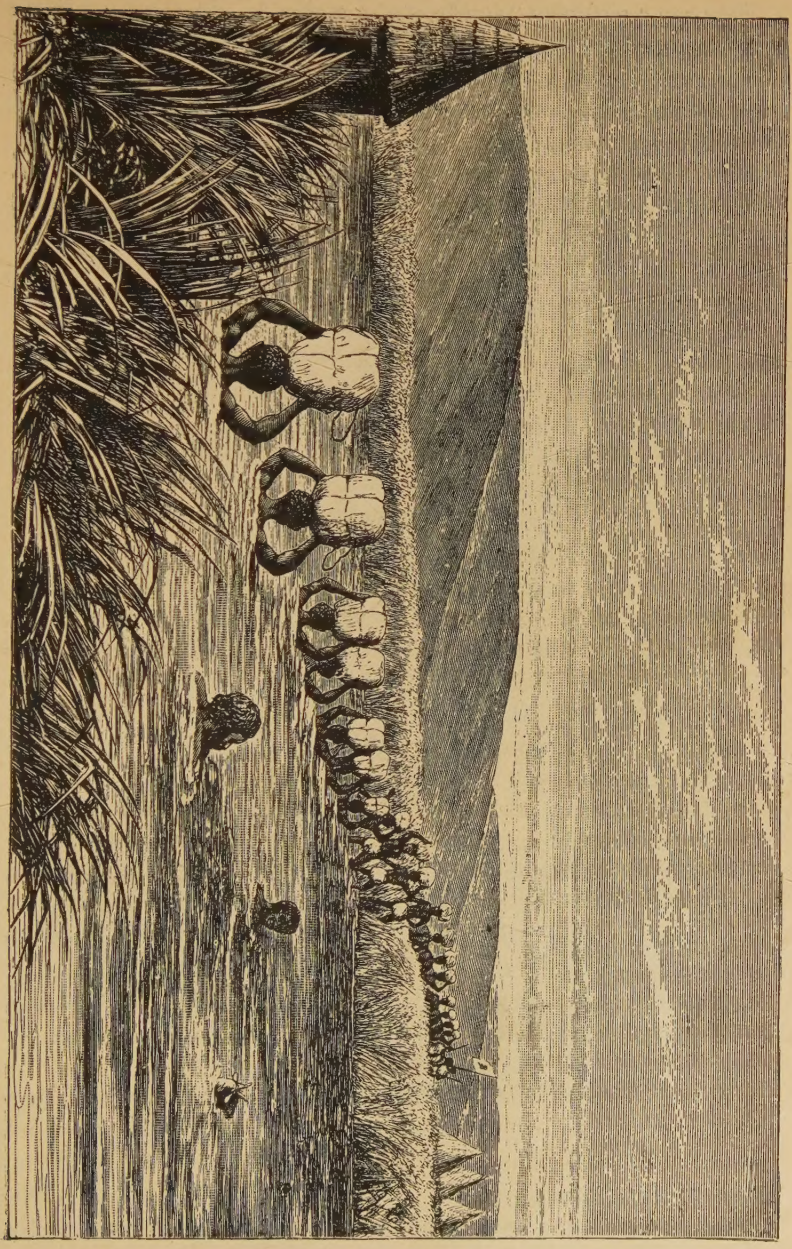
Within the limits of a brief magazine article, it is simply impossible to give the most barren outline of his explorations; so with our reader's permission—or without it, for that matter—we shall take long leaps and brief rests. When Livingstone again reached Linyante, the capital of the Makololo nation, the Queen had resigned in favour of her brother, Sekeletu, who welcomed Livingstone as perhaps a valuable ally in his conflicts with rival chiefs. Under his protection several journeys, rough with hardships but bright with results, were made up and down the noble Zambesi—African for "*the* river." And yet while doing much—more than in his modesty he knew—for these people, Livingstone felt with acute pain that at his death the tortuous path by which he had reached them would be sealed up and all his life-work wasted and, perhaps, forgotten. Late in the autumn of 1853, this idea culminated in a determination to reach the coast and chisel out an avenue by which other men, traders and teachers, could come in and finish the work he had begun. With this object, though very much weakened by fever, he gathered a party of natives and travelled by boat and on foot toward Loanda. While on this journey occurred a characteristic example of his practical teaching. One Makololo had tried to kill another man's ox, and was clearly convicted by his spear, which was found driven into the creature's side. He was bound hand and foot and placed in the burning sun, until he should pay a fine; but, believing in his declared innocence, his mother—ah! these mothers of ours, no frowning judge nor condemning jury can shake their confidence—procured a hoe and forcibly cut his bonds, setting him free. Sekeletu referred the case to Livingstone, who suggested that the prisoner be made to work out the value of the ox—an idea which so took these babes in jurisprudence that all similar crimes were afterward punished in the same wise way.

Leaving the Zambesi, the travellers push their way up the Lecambye and soon reach a village nominally ruled over by one woman, and virtually governed by another—her daughter. The young African beauty, who is described as a "tall, strapping young woman," in a masterful fashion takes Livingstone under her charge and trots him off to her uncle Shinte's town, where she sees to it that he is received with great honour. And so through this country, breathing pestilence to white man's blood, through danger, clumsy kindness, rough work, but ever doing good, this modest hero struggles on to the coast at Loanda. Here the slave trade and Portuguese inaction very effectually forbid him the broad avenue for which he sought the sea; and after a few months' rest he gathers his band about him and



STANLEY'S CANOES—THE "LIVINGSTONE" AND "STANLEY."

journeys painfully, but without a murmur, back to Linyante. The numerous presents obtained at Loanda for the Chief Sekeletu, among which was a colonel's gaudy uniform, make that worthy very willing that Livingstone should follow out his next plan of reaching civilization by way of the east coast, hoping that here the road would not be so fatally barred to good influences. So again equipped by the faithful Makololo, he passes with a little company down the Zambesi to the great Falls, and on through marshes and over vast plains; now bribing the hostile natives, made wickedly cunning by the demoralizing slave trade, again subduing another tribe by a display of force.



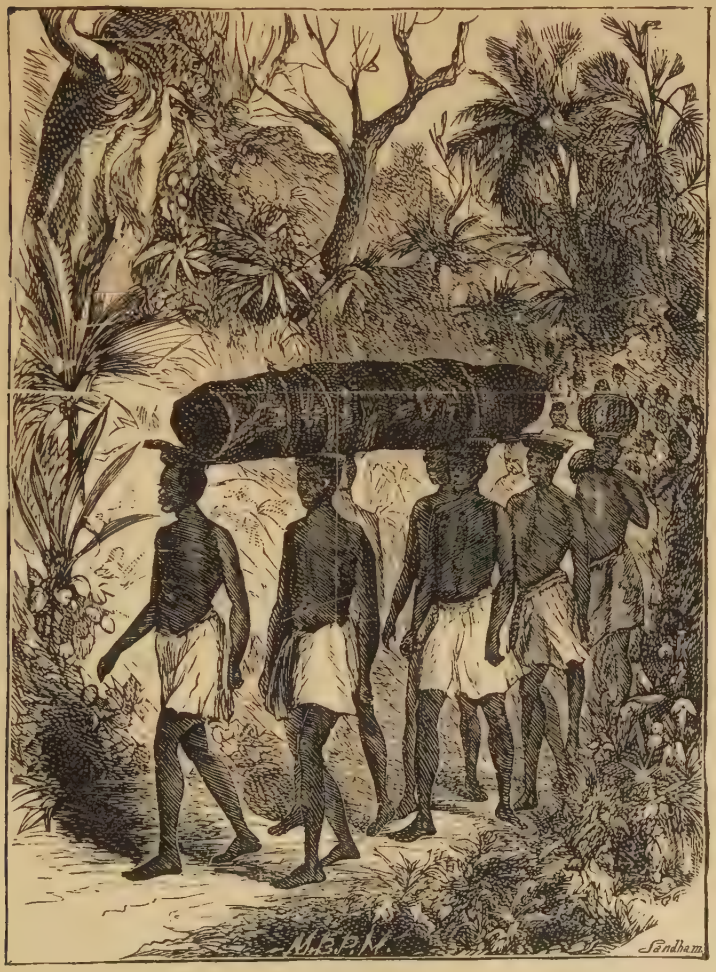
CARAVAN CROSSING A RIVER.

He reaches the ocean, recruits awhile at Mauritius, and on the 12th of December, 1856—just in time for Christmas—he steps from the deck of the steamer *Canada* onto English soil.

For some eighteen months he remains in England. "Resting," my reader suggests. Not a bit of it—that would not be Livingstone—but labouring hard with tongue and pen—neither very facile, from long disuse, but both wholly in earnest—that he might tell the philanthropic world some little of the many needs of the dark and darkened millions in the heart of Africa. The summer of 1858 again found him with a small party and a steam launch, named *Ma-Robert* after the native appellation for his wife, threading his way up the fickle Zambesi. At Tette, Livingstone found the faithful Makololo guard, who had escorted him to the coast, and now for nearly two years had been awaiting his return. The progress of the *Ma-Robert* is speedily checked by the strength of the Zambesi current, which necessitates an order from the explorers for a heavier-engined vessel; but, in the interim, Livingstone drives his "asthmatic," as he has dubbed the launch, three times up a large branch of the Zambesi, and finally organizes an overland expedition that discovers that immense inland sea, Lake Nyassa. Then making a hasty journey to the Makololo country, that he might redeem his promise to bring his guides safely back, he hurried down to the coast to meet the new boat, the *Pioneer*, that carried the ill-fated Bishop Mackenzie and his party. After several attempts to explore the Zambesi and its branches, that were baulked by the large draught of the *Pioneer*, during which the terrible African fever had left Livingstone almost companionless, he went, tired and weak, down again to the coast. Here he was joined by his beloved wife and several ladies, meant for the fever-slain Bishop Mackenzie's missions, and by a new iron vessel for his exploration. This, however, was soon sadly shortened by the death of her, under the scorching heat of an African fever, who had joined her life with his away back at Kuruman; and it had rippled on by his side, a refreshing, heartening rill, all across the dry desert where his path of duty lay.

Paying a short visit to England in 1864, Livingstone soon hurried to Africa, where he organized a party, by virtue of his power as British Consul, and again plunged into the continent where he had spent his life. Before long, some of the men who accompanied him appear at the coast and claim to have seen the great explorer killed during an attack from hostile natives. This *canard*, after causing great uneasiness, is exploded by a bold expedition, headed by Mr. E. D. Young, an old companion. However, as the years wear on and little or no word comes,

England gets uneasy about her hero, and fits out an expedition, much in the spirit of Miss Florence Nightingale, who wrote: "If it cost £10,000 to send him a pair of boots, we should send it." But our readers know that the plucky Ameri-



Carrying Livingstone's Body to the Sea Coast.

can, Stanley, got there first; and then came away again leaving the man, upon whose conscience Africa seemed to rest, plodding on at his great work.

It seems hardly needful to say of Livingstone that he died in harness; he had no time to stop work, no leisure to die. Just

a year after Stanley groped his way out to the coast with tidings of a found Livingstone, the great missionary-explorer lay in a low-thatched hut at Kabenda, tended only by his faithful Makololo boys, preparing to start on another voyage to "an undiscovered country," not dark with error and superstition and crime, but bright with the effulgence from the Great White Throne.

After death, the attendants removed the heart, according to an African fashion, and buried it in the soil that, living, it loved so faithfully. Then carefully drying the body, they wrapped it in barks and carried it, with much labour and hardship, two hundred miles, to Zanzibar. Crossing the ocean, this mortal remnant of the good missionary, the great explorer, the giant soul, was greeted by sorrowing hearts at Southampton, and laid away, amid the grieving tears and the prouder memories of a world, in that hallowed mausoleum of Britain's mighty dead—Westminster Abbey.

BELLEVILLE, Ont.

STAND LIKE AN ANVIL.

BY BISHOP DOANE.

"STAND like an anvil," when the strokes
Of stalwart strength fall thick and fast;
Storms but more deeply root the oaks
Where brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks
Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand like an anvil," when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast;
Duty shall be life's guiding star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sound
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear;
Thine be the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

"Stand like an anvil," noise and heat
Are born of earth and die of time;
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE ROARING FORTIES.

BY LADY BRASSEY.

VIII.

NASSAU HARBOUR.

Sunday, November 18th.—At dawn, about six miles to leeward, we could see the curious angular-shaped little island of Anguila, on the south-east extremity of the Cay Sal Bank. Even Tom wished we had time to stop here, where the clearest water and the most lovely corals in all the beautiful Bahamas are said to be found. We steered all day along the edge of the great Bahama Bank, on which so many good ships and such vast piles of treasure have been lost. Morning and afternoon service were held in the saloon; the wind being too strong to allow us to have service on deck, and the weather so rough that there were not many attendants.

We were very busy throughout the evening in preparing two soda-water bottles, hermetically sealed, with little flags stuck on the top of them to attract attention, and surrounded by carefully prepared triangular rafts to enable them to float. Each bottle contained a small roll of paper, on which was written the following inscription:

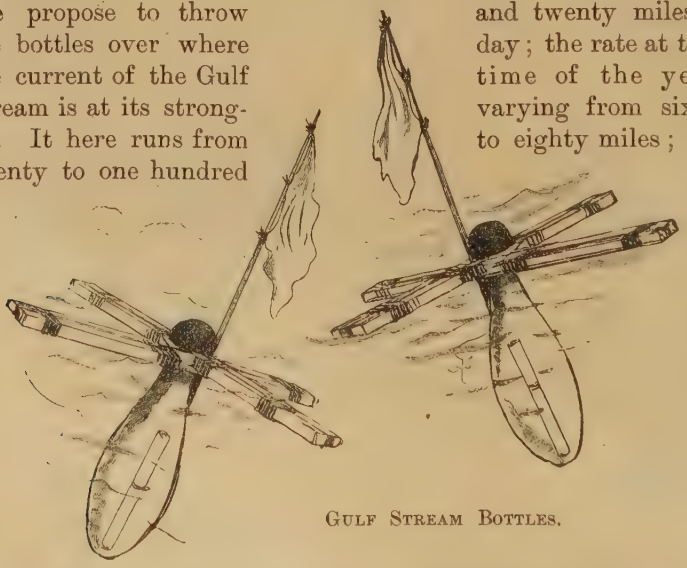
Yacht *SUNBEAM*, R.Y.S. SIR THOMAS BRASSEY, K.C.B., M.P., Owner and Commander.

Off Cape Florida, November 18th, 1883. Lat. 25° 4′ N.; Long. 30° 10′ W.

ALL WELL ON BOARD. FORTY-TWO SOULS; ALL TOLD.

FIVE POUNDS REWARD to any one sending this paper to SIR THOMAS BRASSEY, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, Whitehall, London; with details of latitude and longitude, and date of where picked up.

We propose to throw the bottles over where the current of the Gulf Stream is at its strongest. It here runs from twenty to one hundred and twenty miles a day; the rate at this time of the year varying from sixty to eighty miles; its



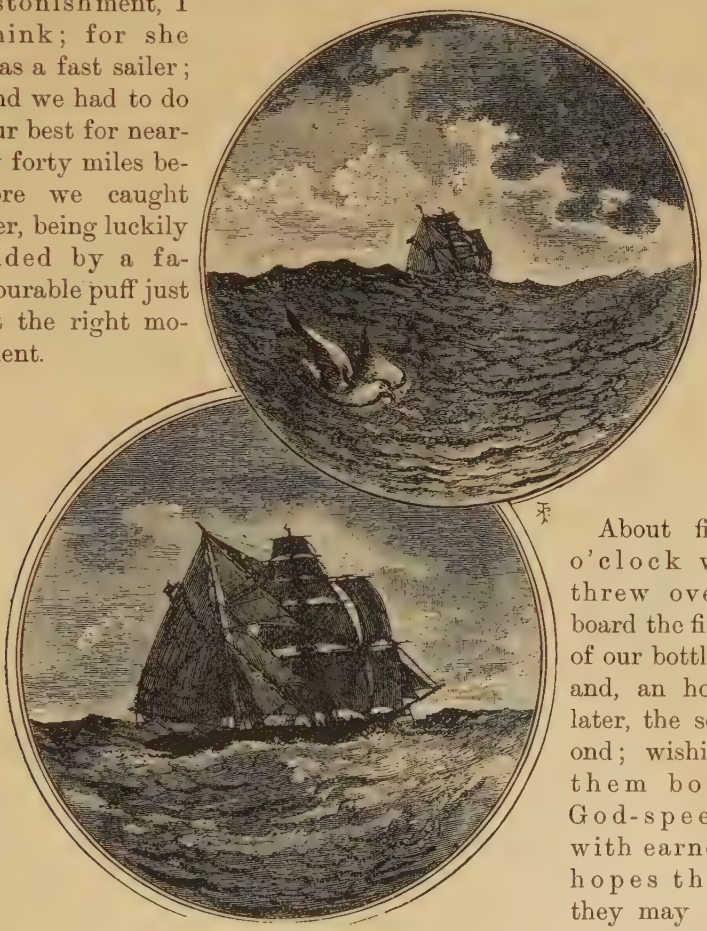
GULF STREAM BOTTLES.

greatest strength being attained in September; its least in May.

Monday, November 19th.—At 3.30 a.m. I went on deck to see the Gun Cay lighthouse, another fine, revolving, red light, on a tower eighty feet above the sea, and visible fourteen miles off. Behind it is a favourite shelter for wreckers. From the top of the deck-house we could also see in the sky the gleam of the fixed light on Cape Florida, the southernmost point of North America. From the masthead the light itself could be discerned. The passage between the mainland and the Cay is not very wide—about fifty miles—and there are many rocks and shoals in the intervening space. Just before daybreak we

passed a large tug steamer, showing three red lights and a mast-head light, thus indicating that the vessel was engaged in laying a telegraph-cable.

A Spanish brigantine, in full sail, with all her studding-sails set, looked very beautiful as we raced past her—rather to her astonishment, I think; for she was a fast sailer; and we had to do our best for nearly forty miles before we caught her, being luckily aided by a favourable puff just at the right moment.

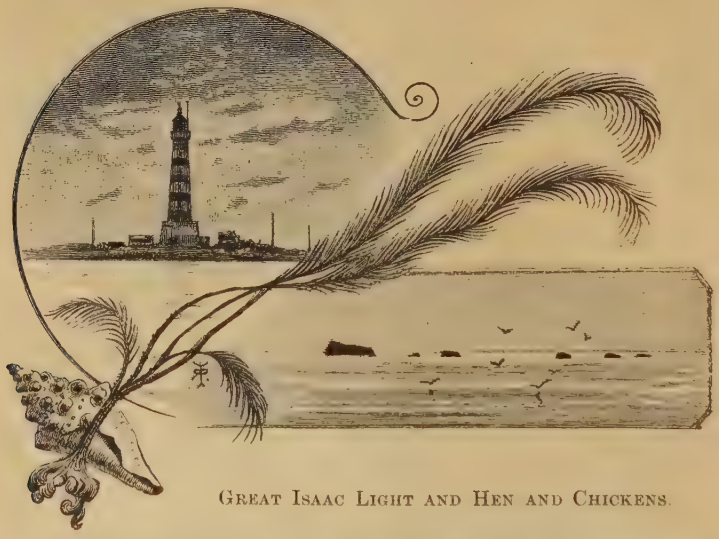


Racing the Brigantine.

About five o'clock we threw overboard the first of our bottles; and, an hour later, the second; wishing them both God-speed, with earnest hopes that they may be favoured with a prosperous voyage, and falling into kind hands on some distant shore, may ultimately reach us again, ocean-stained and wave-worn. Perhaps they may even be the humble instruments of throwing a tiny additional ray of light on the mysterious course of this most marvellous and beneficent Gulf Stream. I shall look forward anxiously to hearing of our "messages from the sea" once

more; and only hope that they may not be prematurely fished up by some passing ship. In any case, I feel that we have done no harm in "casting our bread upon the waters," hoping to find it again after many days.

An hour later we were off the great Isaac Cay lighthouse, and the Hen and Chickens, where a pilot came alongside and offered his services, which Tom (who by this time was pretty nearly worn out) was only too glad to accept. He brought on board some beautiful shells, and some lovely plumes of sea-feathers, a species of gorgonia which had the appearance of



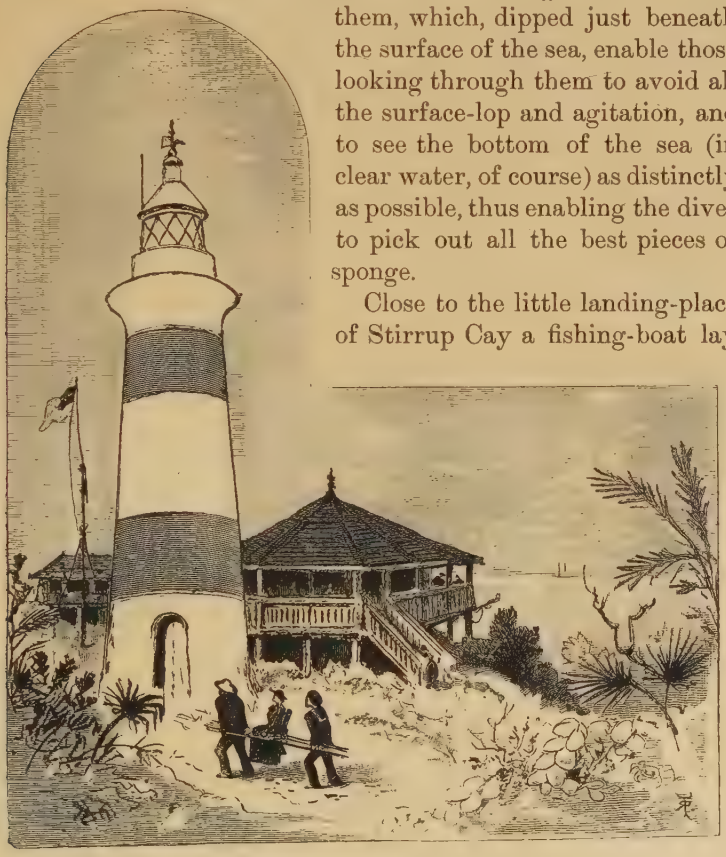
GREAT ISAAC LIGHT AND HEN AND CHICKENS.

ten or a dozen ostrich feathers, from three to five feet long, growing in a group.

At 4.30 p.m. we stopped off Stirrup Cay in order to visit the lighthouse. The row ashore was somewhat long, for the yacht was obliged to lie far out on account of the shallowness of the water; but it was very interesting, as we neared the shore, to look through the clear water onto the white coral and sand, many fathoms beneath us, and to see all the corals, seaweeds, sponges, zoophytes, gorgonias, and other specimens of marine life gowing in their native luxuriance and beauty. Sea-urchins of huge size, shell-fish, star-fish, and all sorts of unknown animals, crawled about at the bottom; while above, fishes, large and small, of every conceivable form and hue, darted hither and thither. Just off the point on which the lighthouse is

situated, a small schooner was fishing for sponges—a very simple process apparently. The "spongers," as they are called, know approximately the whereabouts of what they seek; and, letting their vessels drift, they soon discover by looking through their sponge-glasses the exact spot where the finest specimens are growing. These glasses may be best described as square buckets with a glass bottom to them, which, dipped just beneath the surface of the sea, enable those looking through them to avoid all the surface-lop and agitation, and to see the bottom of the sea (in clear water, of course) as distinctly as possible, thus enabling the diver to pick out all the best pieces of sponge.

Close to the little landing-place of Stirrup Cay a fishing-boat lay



Stirrup Cay Light.

at anchor, well filled with some of the most beautiful and multicoloured fish imaginable, all alive, and swimming about as merrily as possible. I had been for some time past out of health, and was so pulled down by my few days' illness that I could not manage to walk from the boat to the lighthouse; but Tom had a board rigged up for me to rest upon, and he and the sailors carried me up. The lighthouse-keeper and his com-

panion, who had met us at the landing-place, were delighted to welcome us (for they have few visitors to this lonely spot), and sent to collect the other inhabitants of the small settlement, who were all within call, to see "the strangers."

I had taken some old newspapers and one or two copies of the "Voyage of the *Sunbeam*" on shore with me, thinking they might interest the people at the lighthouse. The *Sunbeam* book they seemed to be already familiar with; for when we wrote our names in the visitors' book, and, recognising them, also realized the fact that the *Sunbeam* herself was in the offing, their delight knew no bounds. Laden with good things, and followed by many kind wishes and earnest hopes that we should come again, our departure from Stirrup Cay was really quite touching. The people on shore followed us to the farthest point from which they could see us, waving their handkerchiefs and shouting farewell.

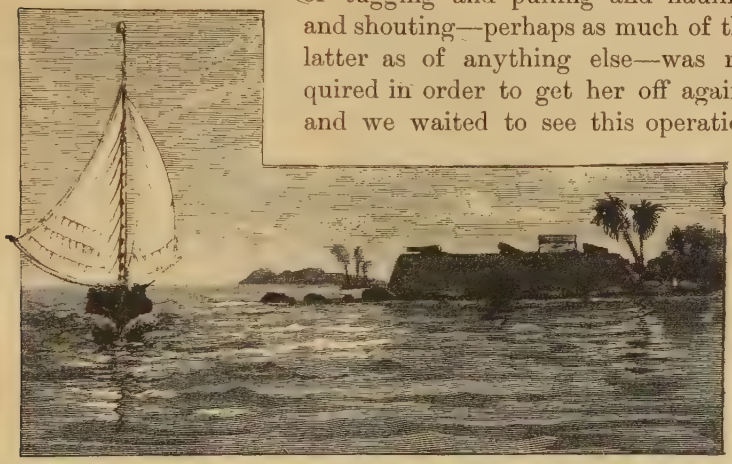
Tuesday, November 20th.—At 1.30 a.m. we at last dropped our anchor, in the little harbour of Nassau. I only hope it may be possible for us to remain here in peace for a short time; but there is only fifteen feet of water in the harbour, and we draw thirteen feet. Even at this hour we could see evidences of the damage that had been done by the disastrous hurricane in September last, in the shape of roofs torn off, huts thrown down, and wrecks ashore and afloat, in every direction.

At six I was finally aroused by the intelligence that the harbour-master was on board; and as Tom was, I am happy to say, sound asleep—quite worn out after his incessant watchfulness, ceaseless vigils, continually recurring alarms and constant want of sleep—I "interviewed" the new arrival and found him full of information. He promised to engage us a good man and a good boat, with sponge-glasses and all complete, so that we might go and see the coral-reef and garden beneath the sea, which we have read and talked so much about lately. With reference to Kelly, our pilot, he remarked that he was a good "wrecker," and added that he would send us a good "sponger," not very inviting names for our first acquaintance in the Bahamas.

Soon the "sponger" himself appeared, Sampson Stamp by name, in his trim little cutter-yacht *Triton*, twenty-six feet in length, six feet in beam, carrying 7,000 lbs. on her keel, and the best sailer in the bay, as he informed us. He himself was a tall, good-looking negro, black as a coal, about six feet high,

jauntily dressed in yachting costume, and evidently entertaining a very good opinion of himself. His crew, two bright-eyed brown mulatto boys, were ragged but looked capable.

The harbour-master had given us elaborate instructions for anchoring and mooring the *Sunbeam*, which directions were most faithfully carried out, so as to save us the trouble of moving from the unsuitable spot which our "wrecker" had selected for us, and at the same time to keep us off the ground. It was all of no avail, however, for when the tide turned, and the wind, which was pretty fresh, caught the yacht's bow, we felt a sudden bump, something like a miniature earthquake, and she went hard and fast aground. A tremendous amount of tugging and pulling and hauling and shouting—perhaps as much of the latter as of anything else—was required in order to get her off again; and we waited to see this operation



Montague Fort.

successfully completed before starting in our boat up the bay. We passed the bishop's smart little cutter-yacht, called the *Message of Peace*, lying at anchor, close to a pretty village, with a nice and very English-looking church spire peeping through the trees.

Not a single vessel rode out the late hurricane, except the *Sparrow Hawk* and *Richmond*, both belonging to the British Government: the reason of their escape being that they had previously made all their preparations for a possible hurricane, and had five anchors out, arranged in a sort of star fashion. On the other side of the narrow strait is Potter's Cay, a snug little spot, with many sponge-yards, where the process of cleaning and drying sponges is carried on. A little beyond this point

is Montague Fort, which now only mounts four utterly useless guns. Formerly it was held by a succession of sea-robbers, notably by Black Beard, one of the celebrated Buccaneers, who charged a due of ninepence on every vessel that entered the narrow channel, and blew those out of the sea that refused to pay: at least, so "Sampson Stamp" said; and I believe that, as a matter of fact, the pirates did fire through the bows of one or two vessels which refused to comply with Black Beard's abrupt and imperious demands, sinking them at once.

Diving Operations.

On the coral reef we had our first peep through the "magic glasses," as I think I may fairly call them; and you cannot imagine the world of utterly unexpected wonders that were at once revealed to us. What a fairy scene it was! How clearly we could see the lovely submarine garden; and how short a distance it seemed to be beneath us! How we longed to do what appeared to be perfectly easy—to step down into the crystal depths and walk about at our leisure in the realms of Aphrodite: to admire, if not to pluck, the many enchanting things growing in her fair pleasaunce. There were sponges of all kinds and shapes: great round masses of sheep's-wool and velvet sponges, of a yellowish brown colour, and bright scaletr glove-sponges branching up like huge hands. Their brilliant colour was derived from the sponge-making animal which still adhered to them; for they were soon washed snow-white over the side of the boat. These sponges were scattered among corals, or clung to rocks, with graceful gorgonias and seaweed growing on them. The brain-coral (*Diploria*), so called from its resemblance to the convolutions of the human brain, is specially fine here. One specimen which I secured surpassed

in beauty of form and delicacy of structure anything of the kind I had ever imagined. Having observed it through the sponge-glass, I pointed it out to Buddy, the diver; who promptly reduced his already very scanty garments to a minimum, seized a hatchet, jumped overboard, and sank easily to the bottom, holding on by one toe to something to keep him down until he had detached the coral from its native rock. He could not, however, succeed in bringing the coral to the surface: it was too heavy for him. A stirrup of rope was therefore made; and with the assistance of the other diver—a Spaniard—my precious treasure was placed in the boat.

Beside the splendid brain-corals, were others resembling mushrooms, purple and yellow fans, stars and trees, and many other objects. Among them grew sponges, madrepores, seaweeds of the most varied forms and delicate hues, and sea-anemones of every kind and colour; while above the beautiful purple and yellow fan-corals—the latter of which I had never seen before—waved the plumes of the graceful pink and mauve sea-feathers, which, as seen through the translucent waves, looked almost more like ferns than feathers. Each coral, it must be remembered, instead of being one of those dry bleached skeletons with which we are all familiar in collections, and which, beautiful in form as they often are, sadly want colour and life, had bright little feathered tentacles, stretched out from every aperture, waving backwards and forwards in search of its tiny prey. The brightest coloured fish, looking like tropical birds and butterflies, shot about in every direction. I really did not know which to admire most among them. The humming-bird fish, all blazing in purple and gold is supposed to surpass all others in beauty; but there is a bright blue fish, like a brilliant Brazilian butterfly, which runs him very close. The black and orange Spanish angel-fish were especially gorgeous; the little paler-yellow variety looked graceful and gay as canary-birds, as they flitted about in shoals. I am not at all sure that the velvet-fish, the skin of which really looked just like jet-black velvet of the richest pile, with three bright orange spots on either side of its face, was not one of the handsomest. If you can picture to yourself the most beautiful of corals, madrepores, echini, seaweeds, sea-anemones, sea-lilies, and other fascinating marine objects, growing and flourishing under the sea, with fish darting about among them, like the most gorgeous birds and butterflies conceivable, all in the clearest water, which does not

impede the vision in the least, and resting on a bottom of the smoothest white coral sand; if you still further imagine a magnificent blue sky overhead, and a bright sun shining out of it; even then you will have but a very faint idea of the marvellous beauty of the wonders of the sea on a coral-bank in the Bahamas. I had longed for years to behold such a sight, and

Sponge Glasses.

I found now that the spectacle not only equalled but far surpassed my most sanguine anticipations.

> And here were coral bowers,
> And grots of madrepores,
> And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to eye
> As mossy bed whereon the wood-nymphs lie,
> With languid limbs, in summer's sultry hours.
> Here, too, were living flowers.

We were all intensely interested and delighted—I may say completely fascinated—by the glorious scene. A droll little group we must have looked, sitting all in a row along the side

of the boat, and peering through the glasses which alone gave us admittance to the marvels of the magic world below. Without these aids to vision we could see comparatively little, on account of the slight motion on the top of the water, which rendered everything indistinct and hazy; whereas, with the help of our tropical *lorgnons*, all was clear and vivid.

Our occupation of gazing at the wonders of the deep was only interrupted when from time to time we paused for a moment to point out some specially attractive shell, or coral, or gorgonia, to Buddy or the Spaniard, who very rarely made a mistake, but generally jumped overboard at once and promptly secured the desired object, bringing it to the surface and putting it on board the boat with surprising celerity; though I must add that as a rule our divers looked somewhat exhausted by their exertions. It was very curious to watch their movements, and to see how agile and dexterous they were in walking about and working beneath the water. It made one long to be able to do the same thing, and, picking and choosing exactly what was thought to be most interesting, to collect them with one's own hand instead of by proxy.*

I am bound to confess that there was one little drawback to our full enjoyment of this delightful expedition; and that was the smell (not to use a stronger expression) emitted by the interesting objects brought up from the bottom of the deep blue sea, and from various cool grots below, when suddenly

* The coral-animal resembles in form the common China or German aster, that grows in our gardens at home, and here also; and it has the same central disc, the same coloured petals or tentacula. Each little creature is provided with a strong tube, which contains his stomach and mouth, and fits into the orifice which he inhabits. Unable to move from his position, he goes on steadily forming a sort of calcareous deposit, and at his death leaves his own skeleton to add to the beautiful and imperishable mausoleum which his ancestors have been raising for so many thousands of years. The coral-insects increase very much like vegetables, or like other kinds of zoophytes; commencing in the form of little buds and gradually attaining maturity, when they either take the place of their parents, or drop off and find an independent home. They cannot exist in a temperature of less than 68°; and by a merciful provision of Providence the water in which they work must be full of air. Their strongest, best, and highest work is consequently always on the seaward side of an island, where the waves break with the greatest force and where the water in this way becomes aerated. An opening is thus left towards the leeward side, which affords access for small boats to the protection of the lagoon. Dana divides coral-reefs into three classes. The first is what are known as

exposed to the heat of an almost tropical sun. The boat was quite full of malodorous treasure-trove; and the effect on our olfactory nerves was not agreeable; besides, it was now getting late. Reluctantly, therefore, I gave the order to weigh the little anchor; and soon we were scudding away before the fresh fair breeze, down the harbour, a great deal faster than we had come up.

The Governor had been good enough to send a message in the morning to offer us his carriage, and to ask us all to dine. It was Lady Lee's reception day; and directly after lunch we

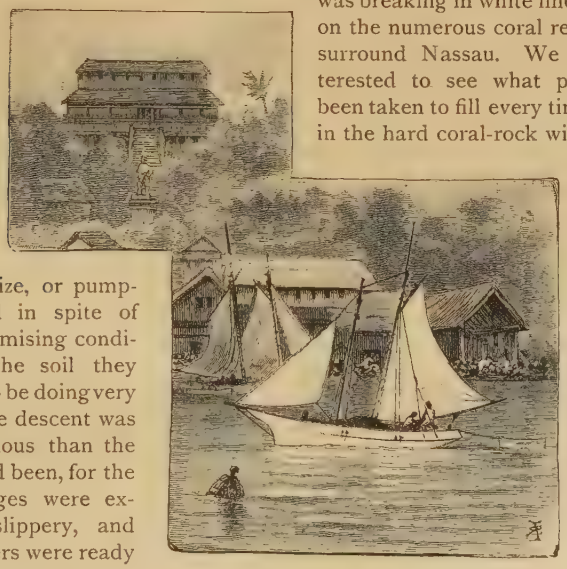
KILLARNEY LAKE.

all went ashore—Tom, the children, and I—to pay our respects to their excellencies and to see something of this nice-looking town of Nassau; the rest of the party to start in another direction, under charge of Mr. Tipping, to buy curiosities, and

"fringing-reef corals," generally of small area, and existing in very shallow water; the next are "barrier-reef corals," often of very large extent—like the great barrier-reef that runs for twelve hundred miles along the north-east coast of Australia, at a distance of from ten to a hundred miles from the shore, and with a depth of water never less than sixty and often more than six hundred feet on either side of it. The third variety usually surrounds lagoons of ocean water. Naturally circular in form, it almost without exception has an opening, as I have before said, on the leeward side. These reefs, called Atolls, are seen in special beauty in the South Pacific Ocean. Sampson would not believe this story at all. "No, Missus, no!" he said, "no one animal in each hole, like flower, no leave skeleton behind. No, Sampson cannot believe that! yah, yah, yah, very sorry, Missus; never heard such a thing as that!"

to see the lakes of Killarney, a beautiful spot in the interior of the island, which was afterwards described to me as follows:—

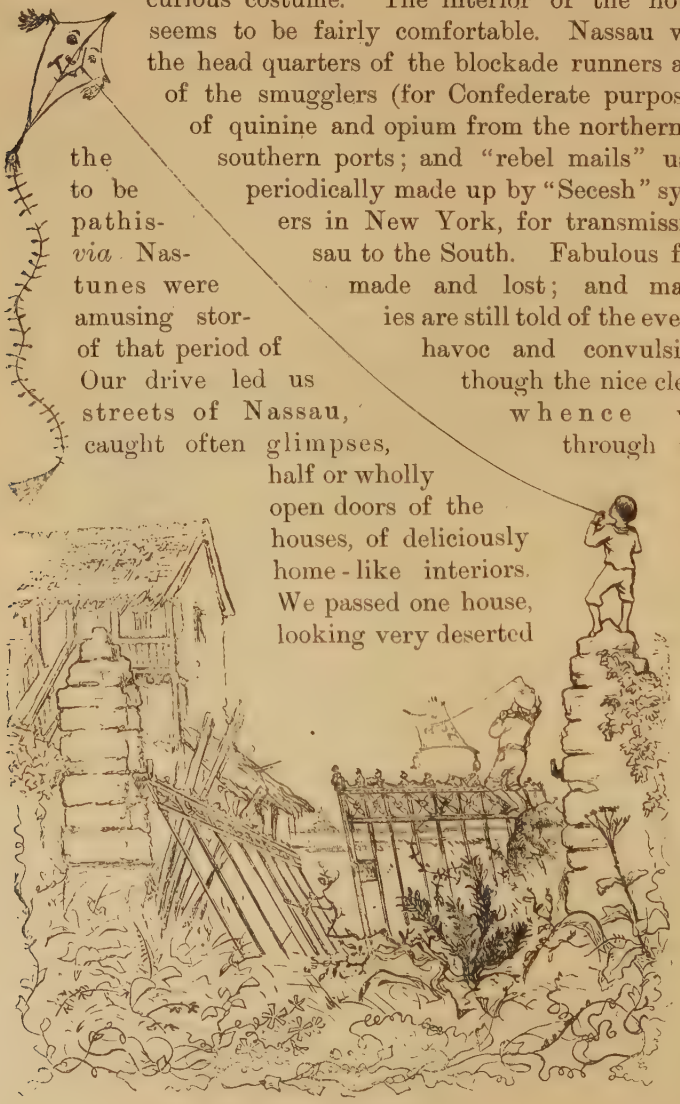
"We drove through the town, which has nice wide streets shaded with cork and almond trees, on our way to the lakes; and passing the barracks and officers' quarters, and through the suburbs, where we were amused to see both grown-up men and small children flying kites, we entered a sandy road running parallel with the beach. Further on we arrived at a scrubby patch of palmetto ferns and pine trees, of which a large number had been overthrown by the hurricane, while the survivors looked much the worse for wear. Leaving our carriages, we scrambled up the hill on our left, over very rough ground, composed of coral-rock and loose boulders, to the highest point of the crest, whence there was a fine view of the lake, bordered by a belt of low pine woods, and containing a few small wooded islands. Beyond the lake the sea was breaking in white lines of foam on the numerous coral reefs which surround Nassau. We were interested to see what pains had been taken to fill every tiny crevice in the hard coral-rock with sugar-cane, maize, or pumpkins; and in spite of the unpromising condition of the soil they seemed to be doing very well. The descent was more tedious than the ascent had been, for the coral ledges were extremely slippery, and the boulders were ready to roll down with us at the slightest touch. However, we reached the bottom safely, and started off in our buggies through the fast-fading twilight; and as our drivers were not unwilling to show us what Bahama ponies could do, we reached Nassau in time to put in an appearance at the Governor's dinner-party with reasonable punctuality."



Government House, Nassau.

We, meantime, went up to Government House, where we were most kindly received by Sir Charles and Lady Lees, and were introduced to many of the leading colonists. We made our visit as short as possible, pleasant as it was; for we were anxious to get on to see the guano-caves some distance from

Nassau. The Governor insisted on lending us his carriage, driven by an intelligent negro coachman, who, in excellent English, pointed out to us the various objects of interest which we passed. Government House itself, at the top of a long street leading from the quay, is approached by a very long flight of steps, in front of which is a statue of Columbus in curious costume. The interior of the house seems to be fairly comfortable. Nassau was the head quarters of the blockade runners and of the smugglers (for Confederate purposes) of quinine and opium from the northern to the southern ports; and "rebel mails" used to be periodically made up by "Secesh" sympathisers in New York, for transmission *via* Nassau to the South. Fabulous fortunes were made and lost; and many amusing stories are still told of the events of that period of havoc and convulsion. Our drive led us though the nice clean streets of Nassau, whence we caught often glimpses, through the half or wholly open doors of the houses, of deliciously home-like interiors. We passed one house, looking very deserted



Kite Flying, Nassau.

and desolate, which our driver told us had formerly been a favourite place of resort for tea-parties, but which has now fallen into disuse, and consequent decay. On one of the obelisk-like old gate-posts stood a small urchin flying a kite; and on the very tumble-to-pieces iron railings beside him was a still smaller urchin, trying to imitate his example: the two forming highly statuesque objects. Everybody, old and young, large and small, seems to fly kites in these islands. We passed several country-houses, apparently uninhabited and evidently hurricane-swept; and then came to a lake full of beautiful water-lilies, but surrounded by such a morass that it was impossible to reach the flowers. We passed a large pine-apple plantation; and then, at the edge of a rather dense wood, our driver suddenly drew up and said, "These are the caves." We looked round about us, but could see nothing, except the sea on one side, and an apparently dense forest on the other. Leaving his horses to rest and browse, our charioteer showed us a little woodland path which soon led us to the entrance to the caves. Over one of them was cut in the rock, "Prince Alfred, 1861." From the top dropped clear cool water, and the entrance was draped with beautiful creepers and ferns. Without magnesium-wire and plenty of help, it would have been impossible to penetrate into the larger caves. In some of them deposits of guano made by bats and birds have been discovered. This valuable manure is scarcely used at all in the Bahamas; but the exports of it amount in value to some £4,000 a year. Caverns, especially in strange and solitary places, have always a weird sort of fascination for me, and I could not help in imigination, peopling the dark recesses of these savage *antres* (to the limits of which it is said that no one has yet penetrated) with buccaneers and pirates; and, in my mind's eye, I could see all manner of rough picturesque figures engaged in lawless occupations, or counting up their ill-gotten doubloons and other spoils.

THE Lamp that burns with perfumed oil,
Sheds sweetest Light around it;
And Faith is brightest, while the toil
And cares of Life surround it.
For deep within the Soul the Light
Of heavenly Faith is burning;
And songs are sweetest when the night
Of grief to joy is turning.

TWO GREAT COMPOSERS—MOZART AND BEETHOVEN.

BY ARNOLD DOANE.

I.

MOZART.

In an art so fluctuating, so liable to change, so dependent upon sense as music, how necessary to have accessible a classic model, formed for the guidance of those who feel within them the impulses of a composer's inspiration—a standard fixed, around which all lovers of true art can combine to resist the

innovations of would-be reformers, and to stem the tide of light and frivolous music which threatens to overwhelm, or to supersede, that which alone is really good. Such a model, such a standard, have we in the works of the great composers.

Amongst the very few who, in the estimation of those most competent to judge, are deserving of such pre-eminence in musical composition as depends upon the highest and most enduring excellence, there is none who has excited greater interest, alike in musician and amateur, than that wonderful genius, Mozart. Who has not been moved at the almost fabulous story of his childish precocity, the unhappy struggles of his mature years, and the touching events of his sad, untimely death. How, since we knew anything of notes, have we eagerly read, and never failed to be delighted with, whatever bore his name! The little romances respecting his personal history, circulated from time to time, how have they been pondered and cherished until the character of their subject in our mind has assumed that of a being of more than earthly qualities!

Although in point of time Mozart was the successor of Haydn —being born in 1756, when that composer was twenty-four years of age—yet, if life be measured by characteristics developed and work accomplished, Mozart was rather Haydn's predecessor; for long before the name of the latter was known beyond the sphere of his own immediate circle, that of the former was celebrated throughout the whole of Western Europe, both as a performer and a composer. Haydn, who lived to the age of seventy-eight, survived Mozart twenty years, and all his greatest compositions were written after that composer's death. Haydn's genius matured late in life, while in the case of Mozart its instincts were developed most strongly with the first dawn of reason. In him we see proof that genius is a gift and not an acquirement—he being born with a musical organization, and with mental tendencies and perceptions which seemed almost to need neither training nor guidance, but when first directed in the way, with one bound reached their destination. At three years of age he manifested in a remarkable manner the tendencies of his mind by the chords he intuitively played on the pianoforte. At four he composed pieces which his father wrote down for him. At six the wonderful child was exhibited at court, in Munich, thus beginning a career which must have produced upon his sensitive and infantile nature injurious effects most plainly observable in after life.

From court to court, and from country to country, did the father of little Wolfgang travel and exhibit him. Praises and caresses were everywhere lavished upon the child by nobility and royalty. At Vienna, Paris and London the music-loving and wonder-loving flocked to see and hear the prodigy. In the last named place the case was considered so remarkable as to merit a long paper in the philosophical transactions of the Royal Society.

It is not an uncommon thing for those who have exhibited extraordinary precocity in childhood to descend into mediocrity in their maturer years. Not so with Mozart. The periods of boyhood, youth, and manhood show the advance and maturity of his genius as a composer, by the rapidity with which he wrote, and the vast quantities of music which came from his pen in every style of composition, from the light superficial waltz, which he wrote for bread, to the profound and grand symphony which he wrote for art.

It seemed hard that one who in his childish years had been the object of so much State condescension and praise, and who to the last, though not without jealous rivals and deadly foes, was admired and courted by the great and wealthy, should have his life so embittered and his work so obstructed by poverty. How much this was occasioned by his own extravagance and want of management, resulting from his injurious education, we need not enquire.

We might quote from his published letters to prove how little requited he was, and dwell upon the humiliating fact of one who wielded such powers, produced such works of beauty, leaving them as a legacy to all time, being obliged to make life a constant struggle for animal existence. "His was a success, musically, the most complete and brilliant, a name and fame bright beyond all that the wildest dreams of ambition could conceive." Still he would say to his devoted wife: "O, why did not Providence bestow on me a competence, so that I might have been free to choose my own occupation? I feel within me how much I might do were I able to bring to my art a mind at rest."

We come to the closing scenes of his life. His delicate and sensitive organization, undermined by excessive labour, began in about his thirty-second year to manifest the first symptoms of consumption. To this was added a nervous affection that frequently threw him into fits of melancholy. Labour was

then his sole resource against gloomy thoughts, and that increased the evil.

It was after this his greatest and most lasting works were produced—symphonies, concertos, operas—even the last year of his life was the most productive of all.

One day in August, 1791, the composer was surprised by the entrance of a stranger who brought him a letter without any signature, the purport of which was to enquire whether he would undertake the composition of a requiem mass, by what time he could have it finished, and the price. The unknown expressed himself on this occasion in a manner as flattering as it was mysterious. Mozart consented, and in a few days the messenger returned, paid twenty-five ducats (half the price required) in advance, and informed the composer that as his demand was so moderate, he might expect a considerable present on completing the score. He was to follow the bent of his own genius in the work; but to give himself no trouble to discover who employed him, as it would be in vain. On the departure of the stranger Mozart fell into a profound reverie, then suddenly calling for pen, ink and paper, began to write. And thus, in intervals of other composition, he continued his work, while disease was preying upon him, and his feelings seemed to catch a gloom from every event or circumstance.

One fine day in autumn his wife drove out with him. As soon as they had reached a solitary spot and were seated together, Mozart began to speak of death, and said that he was writing this requiem for himself. She tried to remove these gloomy fancies, but in vain; and his eyes filled with tears as he answered her: "No, no, I am but too well convinced that I cannot last long." He thought that he had been poisoned by his enemy and rival, the Italian Salieri; and the mystery of the requiem had impressed his mind, naturally superstitious, with the idea that it was to celebrate his own death.

A favourable turn in his fortunes during the last few months heightens the interest of the catastrophe in this drama of life—he received the appointment of chapel-master to the cathedral church of St. Stephen, with all its emoluments, besides extensive commissions for works to be periodically delivered. This with his other engagements assured him of a competent income for the future. "But prospects of worldly happiness," says his biographer, "were now phantoms that only came to mock his helplessness and embitter his parting hour."

The requiem, which, at the request of his physician, had been

taken from him, he entreated to have once more restored that he might complete it. With its return came his former illness. Soon he became helpless, and was removed to the bed from which he never rose again. The requiem lay almost continually on his bed, and Lussmayer, a pupil, was frequently by his side receiving instructions concerning its completion. The last movement of his lips was an endeavour to indicate where the kettle-drums should be used in the score. He died fifth December, 1791.

Nohl, one of his biographers, says: "Whether inflammation of the brain, according to one physician, or water on the chest, according to others, his illness was only the slight impetus given to the stone precipitated from the summit of some lofty tower, which falls by the force of its own weight. The powers of Mozart's life were exhausted, and if this cause had not proved fatal, some other would soon have done so."

It was a rough, stormy December day when Mozart's body was carried to the grave. On leaving the Cathedral, when the benediction had been pronounced over the corpse, the few friends whose enthusiasm for the mæstro overcame their dread of the weather, stood round the coffin sheltered by umbrellas. They then followed it a short distance, forsaking the procession when it turned to the churchyard. Thus it occurred that not a single friend, among the numbers on whom he had conferred so much enjoyment during his life, was present at his burial. His faithful servant alone was there. The grave was marked by no memorial, and although some fifty years later a monument was erected to his memory within the enclosure, yet the exact spot in that pauper's graveyard, in the suburbs of Vienna, where this great composer was buried, is unknown.

Though he died at the early age of thirty-five, if it is deeds, not years—if it is what we accomplish rather than the length of time we live—that makes the sum of life, his was a more than ordinary lifetime. From the period when, at eight years of age, he published his first works, consisting of three sets of sonatas, to that when, twenty-seven years later, his hand palsied over the scarce-finished requiem, he accomplished more than most who have lived to double his years. For the stage, the concert-room, the drawing-room, the church, in every shade of style and character, his beautiful music may be found, deep in thought, rich in ideas, and elegant in form.

Mozart's place among composers is hesitatingly given by an eminent musician, recently dead, thus: "One, a successor, may

have exhibited a greater genius; one other, a predecessor, may have excelled him in learning; but no composer has ever combined genius and learning in such perfect proportions; none has been able to dignify the lightest and tritest forms by such profound scholarship, or at the moment when he was drawing the most largely on the resources of musical science, to appear so natural, so spontaneous, and so thoroughly at his ease."

II.

It is about the year 1790; there are seated in an apartment of a house in Vienna two men of somewhat remarkable aspect. One, just in the prime of life, is in form very small, but of perfect symmetry. His face pale and somewhat emaciated, his eyes prominent, his nose long and thin. There is a look of strong individuality in the features and expression; also a settled melancholy and evidence of the working of insidious disease. He is listening rather carelessly to his companion, who is seated at a pianoforte, playing extemporaneously. The latter is a much younger man, somewhat under medium height, but of large and muscular build. There is sternness about the lines of his face; and overtopped by tufts of bushy hair is an immense forehead, beneath which beam eyes of remarkable brilliancy and beauty. Although there is evidence of great power and ability both in music and performance, his listener seems little affected, and says to himself: "This is some piece he has learned by heart." The young musician at last, somewhat piqued by his companion's indifference, begs the little man to give him a subject. The latter mutters to himself: "Well, stay a little, let me try your mettle," and writes down a chromatic fugue subject, which, taken backwards, contains a counter subject for a double fugue. The youth is not taken by surprise. He works upon the subject, the hidden properties of which are immediately discovered, with such force, originality, and genius, that his hearer, more and more astonished, and almost breathless with attention, rises, and walking on tip-toe into the adjoining apartment where some of his friends are sitting, says to them with great emotion: "Attend to that young man, you will hear of him one day." And they did hear of him. The little man we shall perhaps recognize as Mozart; the other, who has come to play before him, and thus get that great musician's opinion of his abilities, is Louis von Beethoven—pre-eminently the great composer of the nineteenth century.

BEETHOVEN.

Handel has been called a giant, and so has Beethoven; they alone amongst the great composers seem worthy to be thus characterised; and of the two, if one is of huger proportions than the other, that distinction belongs to the immortal Beethoven.

Great as is the interest that clings round the person and life of Mozart, probably still greater and of a different kind is that which centres in Beethoven. Of the former we think as a beautiful and precocious child, affectionate and loving in his

disposition, who could not be happy unless his friends told him many times a day that they loved him. As a man, fond of gaiety, billiards, and punch, timid and superstitious. As a musician, a producer of endless beauty, whose music never ceases to captivate and please. Of the latter we think as one whose disposition was morose and gloomy. He was eccentric in manner, lonely and self-secluded in habit, a subject of incurable deafness, unfortunate in his circumstances. As a composer, he mingled with unsurpassed beauty and sublimity a mystery and strangeness which in the works of his later years leaves the mind astonished and bewildered. As we stand before his picture we are inspired with mingled awe and melancholy.

Although at first in his compositions he was a follower of the styles of Haydn and Mozart, yet it afterwards became his province to make a revolution in music. To the chief characteristics of his two predecessors he added a bolder originality and a deeper pathos. There is something in his genius which reminds one of Byron; and if, as has been said, Handel was a Shakspeare, and Bach a Milton, Beethoven was immeasurably more than a Byron. It is especially in the domain of instrumental music that he is so great; and no compositions have had so powerful an influence upon the art as his; none seem to dive so deeply into the recesses of the spirit, and none soar so high into the regions of imagination.

It his customary to divide his life into three periods of composition. The first ten years of maturity, when he seems to have followed in the footsteps of Haydn and Mozart; a second period of ten years, when he launched out into originality and formed what he considered his own style, and when the good musicians, his contemporaries, wondered and shook their heads at that music which in our day cannot be exalted too highly; and the last ten years of his life, when his sensitive mind, harassed by difficulty and embittered by the misfortune of his deafness, seemed to have become tinged with insanity, and he produced those compositions whose strange wildness and incomprehensibility make the good musicians of our own day, in turn, shake their heads and wonder.

Beethoven was born at Bonn, on the Rhine, in the year 1770, His father, an organist, was a drunkard. Unlike Mozart, he was no precocious child. Although at first he used to leave his companions in sport to listen to the tones of the organ, yet the brutal treatment of his father afterwards actually gave him

a distaste for the sublime art which ultimately so entranced him. As a performer on the piano he became unsurpassed, and in extemporaneous composition astonished all hearers. But it is to his written works that we must bow. What shall we say of his sonatas and concertos for the pianoforte; of his quartettes for string instruments; of those great masterpieces the nine Symphonies; of his two masses; his one oratorio; and his one opera, Fidelio, unmatched in purity of subject, and considered by the best judges the most perfect opera in the world? And of his other vocal pieces, including that exquisite poem in music, "Adelaida"? Of his innumerable compositions, vocal and instrumental, all we can say is, Hear them—hear them again and again—and then acknowledge the might of his genius.

Beethoven's life was an unhappy one, aggravated by his unfortunate disposition and circumstances which acted one upon the other. But he was kind, he was tender—he loved his mother; and how pathetically does he deplore her death in a letter to a friend when he was seventeen years old. He had to struggle with poverty. In the same letter he begs his friend to indulge him by returning a small sum of money which he had borrowed. It was as early as the year 1800, when thirty years of age, he writes respecting the fearful malady of deafness with which he was already becoming affected. He was a great lover of nature; in fact, it is alleged that his love for nature and his love for composing out of doors on one occasion brought on a violent cold, and became the cause of his loss of hearing.

Haydn, with one foot in the grave, used to sit propped up at the piano while the shots of the French were flying around his house at Vienna, singing with the utmost fervour, while tears ran down his cheeks, his own national hymn, "God Preserve the Emperor"; while Beethoven, in the same city, was a most uncompromising republican. One of his greatest works, composed in the year 1804, and dedicated to Napoleon, then First Consul of the French Republic, was on the point of being despatched, when the news arrived that he had proclaimed himself Emperor. Beethoven immediately tore off the title-leaf, and with a torrent of execrations against the new "Tyrant," flung it upon the floor, whence he would not allow it to be lifted. It was a long time before he sufficiently recovered this shock, and gave it to the world under the title of the "Heroic Symphony," now so well known.

Notwithstanding his strong democratic principles, he was received with joy into the highest circles of Vienna. Of the Princess Lichnowski, Beethoven says: "With love like that of a grandmother she sought to educate and foster me, which she carried so far as often to come near having a glass bell put over me."

Gentleness and forbearance were virtues of which he was incapable; his spirit was deeply loving, but stern; he could not try experiments, he could not pardon. He was often quarrelling with his servants, and would sometimes drive them in a body from his house when they had thwarted and cheated him. He used very frequently to change his lodging, and for the smallest pretence—on one occasion because the people would crowd the adjacent bridge to gaze on him as he went out. In dress and general appearance he was mean, and in the height of his fame the critics considered him ripe for the madhouse. Such are a few of the numerous tempers and eccentricities ascribed to him. Music-paper was a stranger in his house—he used to draw his own lines and scrawl his notes on a piece of ordinary paper. A contemporary musician once said, when a manuscript was shown him, and he was interrogated as to whose music it was: "Anybody might know that a mile off; it is Beethoven's; he always writes with a broomstick, and smudges it over with his sleeve afterwards."

As life advanced his deafness increased, until the faculty of hearing was nearly, if not quite lost; for many years he composed without ever hearing a note of his music. It is sometimes wondered how he could write under such circumstances; and persons will go so far as to account in this way for the eccentricity and apparent harshness of his latter compositions; but to the thorough musician, the eye is quite sufficient to detect the slightest fault, in harmony or in structure, and to appreciate the effect of any progression. Every note or combination is thoroughly heard in the mind. One writer says, a friend of his who visited Beethoven at Vienna, and conversed with him by writing on a slate, lifted up the lid of his pianoforte which he used in his study, and found but one string upon it; yet when he touched those keys, to his mind, by long association, each one yielded its wonted tone.

Beethoven, like Handel, was never married, and the nephew of an only brother was adopted by him as his heir; but the youth by his ingratitude and irregularities caused him great trouble. How much joy this man must have derived from his

art to compensate in any degree the many sorrows and misfortunes he experienced!

In the year 1827 he became confined to his bed with dropsy, and it is true that he had £2,000 in the bank when, not long before his death, and, it may be, half deranged in his mind, he made an appeal to the Philharmonic Society of London, which immediately sent him £100. A few days later than this we have his last letter, and after another codicil to his will he threw down the pen and exclaimed: "There now, I write no more." The next day at noon he lost consciousness, and a frightful death-struggle began, which continued till the third day, when, during a violent storm, with thunder and lightning, the "sublime master paid his last tribute to humanity." He died on March 18th, at the age of fifty-six.

More than thirty thousand persons followed his body to the grave. Eight chapel-masters were his pallbearers. Torches were borne by thirty-six artists. Mozart's requiem was sung, and his remains were deposited in the cemetery near Vienna, where shortly after a monument was erected over his tomb—an obelisk ornamented with a gilt lyre, and a butterfly within a coiled serpent for its only device; for its motto, simply "*Beethoven.*" And what a motto! To those who knew his great soul and genius as reflected in his works that one word speaks volumes; and even they who have only read the outer part of his life and acts cannot fail to see in it the representative of that lonely greatness which was so eminently his.

In the summer of 1848, the city of Bonn, on the Rhine, was crowded with visitors. There were representatives of all classes from every part of Europe. Prince Albert and Queen Victoria were there, and the King of Prussia; but musicians mustered in greatest force, for the occasion was one to do honour to the memory of a great man who, twenty-one years before, had fallen from their ranks—to inaugurate a statue of Beethoven.* There were the firing of cannon, the ringing of church bells, and the shouts of thousands of people. Unanimity of sentiment and purpose in the object there must have been; but sad quarrelings and jealousies amongst the representatives of different cities and countries in carrying out the details. An eye-

*The Editor of this MAGAZINE, on his visit to the city of Bonn, was greatly impressed with the beauty and dignity of this statue. It bears simply the inscription—"LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN, GEBOREN ZU BONN, 1770." Nothing more; nor needs there more to perpetuate the name and fame of one of the greatest masters of the lyric art who ever lived.—ED.

witness thus concludes his description of the proceedings: "The statue itself, at night, while a great musical performance was going on in an immense temporary building, was left without a light or a garland, looking grim and dark and lonely, no one taking any notice of it. Perhaps there might be something of destiny and fitness in the fact that storm and strife, in no common measure, attended the honours to him whose life had been a long strife with storm, pain, decay, neglect, disease; and whose nature had yielded, more than the noblest natures should yield, to their untoward influences. The artist's security in the future fate of his music was a beautiful and worthy attestation of the diviner mind within him—for he wrote, despising wealth or reputation, amid the scoffs of critics and the coldness of his fellow musicians, solely and always for the elevation of his art."

BARRINGTON, N.S.

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

BY ABRAM J. RYAN.

IN the hush of the valley of silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the Deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

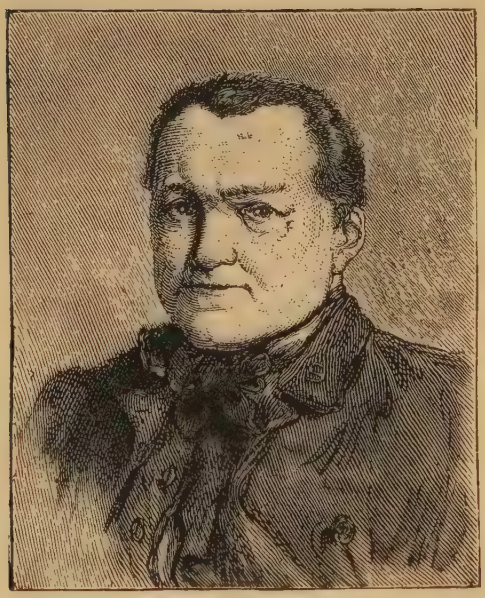
And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces—
Their footsteps can hardly be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
One is the dark mountain of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

BOB.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.



Bob.

I FIRST met my good friend Bob at a temperance meeting at which he and I were to take part as speakers. I had come from a distant part of the city in a cab, winding in and out through the misty darkness until I found myself set down on a quay, where I could dimly make out chains and ropes and all the signs of shipping. A friendly hand piloted me across the gangway of a vessel until I reached a narrow winding staircase, down which I felt my way through the darkness. Then, as a door was flung open, a blaze of light fell on me suddenly, and I found myself in the midst of the meeting. It was a large place, in which nearly a thousand persons must have been gathered. The sides of the long, low room were decorated with the flags of all nations; and this, as well as the faces and dress of most of the audience, and the whole tone and freedom of the meeting, suggested the heartiness of the sailor. The songs were lustily applauded, and the chorus was rung out with rollicking vigour which no one understands so well as Jack ashore. The very speeches seemed irresistibly to catch a kind of nautical flavour, and the illustrations came fresh from the sea.

This was the Bethel ship at B——, of old a sloop of war known as the *Etna*. She had done her share of fighting in the Chinese seas, and then had come home to lie in easy indolence with many another fighting companion in Plymouth Sound. But suddenly the career of the *Etna* was completely changed. She was purchased of the Government for £1,500, and converted into a preaching place for sailors.

A wonderful power attended the earliest services that were held on board. At almost every meeting souls were stricken down in a bitter conviction of sin; and in the cockpit, where of old time the poor fellows lay wounded and groaning, now the broken-hearted kneeled crying to God; and there the Good Physician came and made them whole, and sent them on the way rejoicing. The fame of the services went forth, bringing many more; and to this day there are scores of earnest Christian people who look back to those memorable services on board the Bethel ship as the date of their great change. It would be hard to find any stories more striking or more wonderful than some of these conversions—stories of men who had gone down to the very lowest depths of sin plucked as brands from the burning, and becoming in turn amongst the most zealous and successful of Christian workers.

But suddenly all thought alike of the ship and her captain was cut short, as amidst a boisterous applause from the audience the chairman called upon "Mr. E——." But the name that passed from one to another of the audience was much shorter and more familiar. "Bob," said everybody to everybody else, with a nod of eager expectation, and then everybody settled down into a dead silence.

There stood forward a man, not very tall, but very broad; a large round head with thick stubby hair; a face clean shaven; no neck to speak of, but the head coming at once on to a pair of huge shoulders which were fitted with arms and hands to match. Everything about the man suggested at the first sight something pugilistic. But a second glance made one doubtful—the firm and prominent brows came down over a pair of the kindliest eyes, and as he began to speak the face was lit up with a radiance such as made me feel that, whatever the man was once, he lived now full in the sunshine, and kept that strong square-set face of his turned up toward it the whole day through.

Bob's voice was husky and inclined to run into the falsetto. You felt that a man of such strength must have been able some time or other to roar like a bull—probably had indeed—and spent so much of his voice in riotous living that he now had to use what was left of it very sparingly, and could only find the remnants in old and out-of-the-way corners of the vocal regions. It needed only half a eye to see that Bob, like the Bethel ship, had once been in a very different line from this in which I first came to know him.

"Friends, I believe what the chairman said is true," he began. "There is nothing in all the world so mighty as love. Why, bless you! if you can only make anybody feel that you love them you can just do anything with them—seeming to me that that is God's way of saving the world. I know that is

how He saved me—bless His name!—and I know that is how he can help to save other people too. There, I was marching along with the Salvation Army procession last Tuesday was a week since, and when we come up opposite to the bridge there was a man stood there about a 'three sheets in the wind,' as the saying is, and he tried to break the ranks, rolling up against one and another.

"Well, I steps up to him so gentle as I could. 'Friend,' I says, 'you must not go a-doing that, you know. Please don't.'

"Then he turns round and wants to know who I was, and begins to swear and square up to me, and all of a sudden he turns round and was just a-going to lurch in upon the procession again.

"Well, friends, I put up my hand just so," and Bob held up a hand that might have belonged to Samson or even to Goliath of Gath. "I just puts up my hand, and of course down he goes in a minute." It certainly was a result of which no one who saw the hand could have the slightest doubt. "Well, so soon as ever he was down, I picks him up again and I puts my arm round his neck: 'Eh, but I do love you,' I says."

We had laughed at Bob's way of showing his love, but as he spoke the tears glistened in his eyes, and amidst our laughter we found our eyes, too, were brimming, as with an indescribable tenderness and simplicity he went on, "'You know, I would die to do you good,' I says, 'and the Lord Jesus Christ loves you a thousand times better than I do.' Well, what does he do but takes hold of my hand, and he looks up in my face, and says he, 'Will you let a chap like me go along with you?'

"'We just will that,' I says, 'and welcome.' So I put my arm in his to steady him a bit, and away we went to the Salvation Circus. Well, that night he began to seek the Lord. Every night of the week he come up praying for himself and us praying with him, till last Sunday night he jumps up shouting, Hallelujah! Then presently he stops—stops quite still for ever so long, like as if he couldn't speak. And then as the tears come streaming down his cheeks says he, in a kind of whisper, 'Friends, will you please for to praise the Lord for saving a man like me?' and he held up his hand. 'I am 'shamed for to own it, but that is the hand of the worst wife-beater in the city, and yet the Lord have saved *me*.'

"Ah, friends, 'tis true, there is nothing in the world like love. Love is almighty, like God Himself."

But this was the introduction only. Bob's speech itself was the story of his own life, as thrilling a narrative as ever I heard. Altogether I found myself quite taken with this specimen of muscular Christianity, and his touching simplicity and tenderness. Then and there I made up my mind to hear it all over again if I could only get the chance. So it came about that not

very long afterwards Bob sat at my fireside and went over it all once more in a quiet and leisurely way.

"I was born and reared in St. Philip's—such rearing as it was; for you see I was left to do the most part of that for myself. Neither father nor mother never took much account of us children—except when we vexed them by coming in their way, and then they took more account of us than we cared for, by a good deal. Father used to drink, and when he was drunk we was very glad to get out of the way; and when he wasn't, you might be sure that there wasn't much that was worth going home for.

"One of the earliest things that I can remember is of seeing the boys and girls going into the Sunday-school, and hearing them sing. They all looked so nice and clean, and it sounded so pretty, that I thought I should like to go too, and I wondered if they would give me some decent clothes like the rest had. So one Sunday afternoon I crept to the door and looked in. Somebody came up and asked me what I wanted. I told him that I did long to come to school and learn to sing with the rest. But he told me to run away home and get a clean shirt and another jacket, and then he shut the door. Bless you, why I hadn't got another in the world. I did think it was a bit hard."

"How old were you?" I asked.

"Not more than seven. It seemed to me then like as if there was nothing for it but just to get away with the wild lads that was up to all kinds of mischief upon the Lord's day, wandering about the streets."

"The devil's Sunday-school," I put in.

"You may well call it that," Bob went on; "he will take all comers. Well, you see it was all gambling and swearing and like that till I come to be thirteen or fourteen years old. A big boy I was too, and very strong; and a set of men got hold of me, and began to back me to fight. I was always at it. But it was a miserable life, always knocking somebody about, and then all the money spent in drink. I got so sick of it that I ran away from them and went to sea aboard a ship that traded to South Africa. But the captain of her, he come somehow to know about my fighting, and nothing would do but he must put me in training, and backed me against a full-grown man of his crew, and the first time we landed they made the ring and I had to fight it out.

"Well, I come home again and then I was out of a berth. It did look like as if there was nothing else for it, and very soon I was back among the old set again, drinking and fighting. I was seventeen years old when I gave myself right up to it, and went about the country with a set of boxing men. The Herefordshire Chicken they called him, he took a

fancy to me. I used to go about with him to the different fairs, and put on the gloves against all comers.

"Well, it went on like that till I was nineteen years old, and then I married. Ah, my wife is a downright good woman, sir, as ever lived. I should like for you to see her. There isn't a woman in the world that have gone through what she have gone through, and stuck to anybody like as she have stuck to me. She wasn't exactly what you call converted in those days, but she had been brought up by good parents, and wanted always to live a good life. I went along pretty steady with her for some months after I was married; but then, bit by bit, I got back with the old set again, until I was just so bad as ever. Then nothing would do but I must go for a regular fight, twenty-five pounds a-side, along with a man they called 'B—— E——.'

"Ah, I always think that it was all because the dear wife kept praying for me that it came about like it did. The day come that I was to send in the challenge. I was sitting in the public-house—the *Dove* it was called, of all the pretty names in the world. I had been drinking all the morning, but I wasn't so far gone but what I could manage to see that the challenge was put all straight enough.

"Well, while I was sitting there amongst them cursing and swearing and drinking, and thinking about nothing but the fight, the public-house door was opened and in come my sister's little girl. She pushes her way in amongst them all, looking about for me. 'Please is uncle here?' she says.

"I didn't want to be disturbed then, for all I loved the little 'un—a pretty little thing she was, too, as ever anybody set eyes on—so I says, 'Run away home,' I says, 'there's a dear.'

"Some of the others spoke out sharp to her and began to swear at her, but I wouldn't have nothing of that.

"Then the little 'un she comes right up to me and puts her little hand upon my arm, and could hardly speak for crying.

"'Run home,' I says again, putting her back so gentle as I could. 'Run home to your mother; uncle is busy now.'

"But the little 'un she presses herself up against my side and hides her face on my arm and bursts out crying, 'Please, uncle, mother is dying and she wants to see you directly.'

"'All right, my dear,' I says; 'tell mother I'll come directly.' And I stroked her hair and tried to cheer up.

"But there stood the little 'un, sobbing, at my side. 'Please, uncle, mother said you must come now, or she would never see you again,' and the hot tears come dropping down upon my hand.

"Of course I hadn't got the heart to be rough with the little 'un, and it was no good trying to coax her away, and when some of them was going to push her out, I put my arm around

her and jumped up. 'All right, lads,' I said; 'I shall be back in a minute. Don't go away.'

"When I got to the house there was my poor sister lying very ill; it was plain enough that she was dying. She couldn't speak much above a whisper; but it seemed like as if every word went sinking down into my heart and stayed there. I went over by her side and sat down. She took my hand in both of hers, so hot and white, and wasted they were, poor dear!

"'Bob,' she says, 'I shan't be here very long, and you was always very good to me. There's the two dear children; it is the only thing that frets me. You see Jim' (that was her husband, you know), 'Jim is getting worse and worse with the drink. You will see to them, won't you, Bob?'

"Poor dear! of course I promised her that I would. Then I began to think about the men that were waiting for me over to the public-house, and for all I was sorry to leave her, I knew that it wouldn't do to keep them any longer than I could help. But she wouldn't let go of my hand—only lay there looking at me without a word for ever so long. Then all of a sudden she says quite solemn—

"'Bob, will you try for to meet me in heaven? I know that I'm going there.'

"'I'm sure you are, my dear,' I says; and I did wish that I was only as right for it as she was.

"Then she went back in a kind of faint, and I thought she was gone. Presently she opens her eyes and looks at me again. 'You will promise me, won't you, Bob?'

"So I stooped down and kissed her, and said I would, never thinking about what I said, except to please her.

"Well, as soon as I could I got up and went away back to the *Dove* again, and thought I would finish the challenge. I had my hand on the door and my foot on the threshold, when it was like as if a voice spoke to me—

"'*This isn't the way to heaven—in here.*'

"I stopped and turned all of a cold sweat, for I saw then what I had done.

"'Meet her in heaven!' I said. 'You are a ruined man, Bob, body and soul—that's plain.' But there, my word was gone, and I must stick to that, of course.

"Well there was nothing else for it. I could never set foot in the place again. So I just left them to finish the challenge the best way they could without me, and I come away down the street to my house, feeling the lonesomest, miserablest man that ever lived. For days after that I could just do nothing at all. Poor dear sister was dead and gone, and I had promised to meet her in heaven. However was a man like me to get there? I felt that I was too bad to pray, much more

to hope, and I didn't know however I could set to work to make myself any better. I was getting miserabler every day, and my life seemed to get blacker every time I looked back upon it. There was nothing that I had ever said or done, but it seemed to come back and mock me, and seemed for to say, '*You* talk about trying to get to heaven—a man like you!'

"Then the old enemy would keep a-flinging it in my teeth about what a fool I was to give up such chances as I had, and all for nothing but to go about moping and groaning day and night. What had I got to do with going to heaven?—that was for sick folks and dying, like poor dear sister was. And then if I was made stronger, and bigger, and quicker-hitting than other folks, of course it was meant to fight with—like other men was born parsons and doctors. As for being religious, I might as well give that up first as last, for the old set would be coming round me again after a bit, and I should be so bad as ever. And, of course, the good folks knew all about me right enough, and they would never have anything to do with a chap like me.

"Day and night I kept wondering if there was anybody in the world who could help a poor soul to get to heaven. Bless the Lord, I soon found that there was. One evening I was going down the street, when a man I knew came up to me and said, 'Bob, the best thing you can do is to come along with me to the cottage prayer-meeting.' It was the first time that anybody had ever spoken to me about anything religious, and I thought that the Lord must have sent him a-purpose, or he never would have done it then. Of course, I was glad enough to go—the prayer-meeting was down in Sloper's Lane, in a cottage there. The Methodists it was that used to hold it—in those days they used to have them all over the city. Well, soon as I got inside the door, the leader of the meeting had given out the hymn, and they were just going to sing, when he turns round and looks at me. 'Friends,' says he, turning over the pages of the hymn-book, 'we must choose another.'

"Then he gives out the hymn—

> "'God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform;
> He plants His footsteps in the sea,
> And rides upon the storm.'

"I don't know what it was—can't account for it in any way at all—but I just heard that verse, and then all of a sudden I was knocked down to the floor—blind, and like anybody dead. They took me up, thinking at first that I was dead, and then carried me out in the air, and fetched water, and all that, and after an hour or so I come round again. But from that moment

everything was worse than ever. Turn where I would my sins stared me in the face and filled me with terror. I was almost afraid to put my foot to the ground for fear it should let me through into hell—and then I should set to almost wishing that I could die and get away from my misery.

"Well, so it went on until the Thursday evening. By that time a good many of them had come to know that I was seeking the Lord, and two or three come round to take me up to a house where a Methodist class-meeting was held. And there, that night—ah! I shall never forget the very spot—whilst they were praying and talking with me, and telling me about the love of God and the Cross of Christ, the blessed Spirit just gave me to see it all—how that God loved *me*, and the blessed Jesus had died for my sins. My soul was full of peace and light, the storm and the tempest was over, and there was nothing but the still small voice a-telling me of God's love. I was another man. No two men in this world ever felt so different or looked so different as I did that night when I went in and when I came out. It was a new world, and I was a new man in it. Everything was different. Heaven—an hour before it was farther off than the sun, and now it was a sort of just in next door, and I might step in through the gate at any moment. I went home so soon as I could to the dear wife to tell her about it, and for the first time in our lives we knelt down together before the Lord, and gave thanks to Him. It was June, that was the month, in the year 1849; I shall never forget that day. And for many a day afterwards there was not a happier man in God's world than I was."

So comes the pleasant scene of a happy home, surely of all scenes the very pleasantest. There was the love and the trust of husband and wife hallowed as they kneeled together in prayer with the little ones. For the children themselves there came a hundred new delights. There were little bits of comfort and even luxury that the wages purchased now. There was the new and blessed gladness of the Sunday as they went together to worship, joining in hymns that seemed to keep the heart in tune for a week, bending together in prayer and over the Word, and knit together in a new and hallowed union by the Father's love to them, and by the hope of heaven. Sweetness and gentleness made all the round of life like another world; the children came and went lighthearted, love always waited at home for them now, and as for the good wife, cared for with such a tenderness life seemed almost too full of joy for her. And over all there rested the favour of God, in the house, and family, and work, warming and gladdening it like a perpetual summer.

"I was just as happy as the day was long," Bob went on. "And more than that, too, for so soon as the day was done we

was always trying to get a bit of good, or to do a bit somewhere. There was my old mates, I did long to see them brought to the Lord. Very often they would come round me and try to worry me; but I never felt any inclination for to knock them down, nor nothing of that: my heart was full of love to them. I did sometimes tell them that they might thank the Lord that it was with me as it was, or they would know the difference pretty quick. But it was never no more than that. There, I couldn't help loving everybody—friends and enemies, it was all alike."

"Well, I went on like that for four years. Ah! I little thought that ever the bad old times would come again, and 'specially that they would come back like they did, too. The people that I joined along with was the nicest and brotherliest that ever could be—they were always trying to do everybody a good turn and to lend a helping hand. And such happy times as we used to have, too, singing and praying in each other's houses, and asking the neighbours to come in and join us. Often and often God's power would come down upon and fill the place, and poor souls would be finding peace and joy in believing.

"It come to Whit Tuesday, and in those days they used to have a great meeting over to K——, a 'lovefeast' they called it. People would go miles to it, and the place would be crowded. The leader of our class, that is the man who looked after us a bit, was going over, and we all agreed to walk over with him, and we were to call for him directly after dinner. Well, we got to the house and knocked at the door. 'Come in,' says he, 'I shall have done in a minute.'

"So soon as ever I got in and sat down, there I saw him take up a glass of liquor and drain it off. I was quite frightened and jumped off my chair. Then I looked round to the others to see if they were so frightened as I was, but they didn't seem to take any notice of it. He was a good man—I was sure of that—so good a man as ever stepped. But I never knew before that good people ever touched that kind of stuff. You see I had always thought of it as the source of almost all the devilry and mischief and wretchedness that there was in the world. 'It can't be so dreadfully bad then after all,' I says to myself when I had got a bit over my fright, 'else he wouldn't be touching it, of course.'

"As we went along together I could think of nothing else. At last I began to talk about it. 'Do you think a glass of that liquor would do me any harm?' I says.

"'Well, that depends,' says he. 'There's some folks that can take it, and there is some that can't. If you can take it there's no harm in it, not a bit.'

"'Oh, I can take it right enough,' I says.

"Well, we went to the meeting, but somehow the words kept coming to me all the time, '*There's no harm in it, not a bit.*' One and another told what dreadful drunkards they had been, and how that the grace of God had saved them. But then I thought that was all because they couldn't take it.

"The next day I went to work, but somehow there wasn't so much light and singing in my soul as usual. 'You want a glass of liquor,' says the enemy; 'there's no harm in it, not a bit.'

"Well, I tried to argue it over with him, but the old tempter shut me up in a minute. 'Don't you set up to know better than Mr. B——. He is a good man, he is a better man than you will ever be, and he says *there is no harm in it, not a bit.*'

"Every time I passed a public-house door the devil would keep pulling and tugging at me. 'Why shouldn't you have a glass? there is no harm in it.' For a week I did not give in. Then I suddenly came upon an old friend that I had not seen for a long time.

"'Come in and have a glass of beer, Bob,' says he.

"It was just what I was wanting, that friendly word settled it.

"'Well,' I says, 'I don't mind if I do. They tell me there is no harm in it.'

"'Harm! I should think not,' laughed the man—a goodish sort of man he was, too.

"So I found myself inside a public-house again. I didn't feel at all comfortable, the old ways seemed to be a good deal nearer to anybody inside than they were outside. But the words came back again—it was the last time I needed them—*there is no harm in it, not a bit.*

"That was the beginning of it. All my desire after good things just went right away there and then. That was the beginning of it, but nobody will never know what the end of it was except God Himself. No harm in it! The devil himself could not have wished for more.

"In a month from that time I was back again, worse than ever I had been. With that first glass the longing for it come upon me, and it got worse and worse, until day and night I began to be craving for the drink. All the happy ways went long before the month was done, all the sunshine, and all the love, and everything like that, and what was best and dearest to me in all the world come in now for the biggest share of abuse and misery. I was mad with myself for being such a fool, and instead of stopping me that only drove me the oftener to the drink. It was like as if now I had given in to it, the only way to be easy in it was to be always at it. Bit by bit the little things about the house went for drink, till in a drunken fit all that was left was smashed. The pretty little place that used to look so nice, and that the dear wife took such a pride in, was

all torn to rack and ruin. There was not so much as a chair to sit down on, or a cup to drink out of."

Poor Bob stopped and turned his eye away from me, he looked out of the window and shook his head sadly. "*No harm in it!*" he sighed to himself. It was evident that the scenes of those sad times were crowding back upon him. After a few minutes he turned to me again.

"So it went on worse and worse till there was no worse to be got to. Week in and week out it was all blows and cursing. Look here, sir," and as he spoke he leaned forward and put his finger on the white scars that shone out from between the thick stubby hair, "that is where I have had my head split open in drunken brawls many a time."

Again he was quiet. I began to think that the dreadful monotony of bad years had left no further incident to be told. Presently he turned to me again, and went on in a sadder tone—

"And there was the poor children! Ah, many a time they would come to dinner—and there was nothing but a bit of dry bread, and sometimes not even that—ragged and starved, and often obliged to run away anywhere so soon as they heard me coming, poor little dears." And again Bob sighed to himself, "*No harm in it.*"

Then came another pause longer than any. Again Bob looked out of the window with a vacant look. He kept his eyes fixed on the distance as he began again speaking in almost a whisper. "The dear wife stuck to me through it all. It seemed like as if she couldn't leave me, no matter how bad I was; and, if she had, I should have been lost, lost for ever and ever." The eyes filled with tears as Bob went on. "Stuck to me through it all; would come trying to get me out of the public-house. And"—(the tears came trickling down his cheeks, and his voice sank to a whisper)—"I beat her, poor dear, beat her, sir."

The strong arm leaned on the table, and the huge hand hung over the edge of it. I shuddered to think of that fist lifted savagely at any woman. The voice sank to a husky whisper, and the tears came more thickly on his cheeks.

"I beat her, sir. I should never know it till next morning, and mad enough I should be with myself, too, when I saw how I had knocked her about. One time she were so bad that they could give her nothing but spoon-meat for eleven days. And for all that she wouldn't leave me." Bob sighed again more deeply than ever, and as he wiped his eyes, he muttered to himself, "*No harm in it!*"

Then Bob turned to me again. "It wasn't once, nor twice, but it went on like that for years. And then when I was a poor castaway, with nothing left—no character, no money, no hope, nothing—and was standing on the very brink of hell, then it was that God's mercy met me again. It is all so wonderful as

ever, whenever I think about it, for all I have looked back upon it so many times.

"I had got down so low and so mad, that one night I made up my mind to end it all. The little place was stript; the poor dear wife was nearly heartbroken; the children would be better without any father than one like they had; there was no chance of my ever mending, so I might as well finish it first as last. It was a beautiful night—the moon was full, and the light came right into the room where we was sleeping, so that it was all so clear as day. I gets up, and takes my razor and sharpens it up so well as I could. Then I came over to the bed. There was she lying asleep. And I stood there thinking how nice she looked, and what a brute I had been to her, and how much better it would be for her and me too if I was to end it all.

"Well, while I was standing there like that, the dear wife just opens her eyes and looks up all so kind and gentle, like as if I had never lifted my hand on her in my life.

"'Why, Bob dear,' she says, 'whatever are you going to do?'

"It just broke my heart. I fell down to the ground, and could do nothing but cry almost all the rest of the night. So soon as it was day I got up and slipped away, and made up my mind to drown my griefs in the drink. It was Sunday morning. I had wandered about a bit, until it came eleven o'clock or so, and I was going up over the hill. The streets were very quiet and there was nobody about just then, and as I come to the top of the hill I heard a voice speak to me so plain as ever I heard anything in my life—'Take and go back to chapel, Bob.'

"'No,' I said, 'they will laugh at me if I do.' And I turned round to see who it was, but there was nobody there. And whilst I was wondering whatever it could mean, the voice spoke to me again—'Take and go down to Major T——'s chapel; they don't know you down there.'

"What it was I am sure I can't tell, only I felt quite sure that it was one more chance of salvation for me. It seemed too much to think about, much more to hope for. However, sraight away I went to the major's chapel. I crept inside the door, hoping that nobody would see me, when the old major stopped and looked all about the place.

"'I think there is a poor backslider here this morning,' he said, and it was like as if he set his eye upon me. 'I want to tell him that God is going to restore his soul.'

"Of course I thought he must know me, and I tried to get up and go out, but it seemed like as if I couldn't. My heart was broken as the thought of my sin come crushing in upon me, and I could only put my face down in my hands and cry.

"Well, so soon as the service was done I got up and started for home. When I come near to the door of our house I heard the little boy call out, 'Mother, he's coming.'

"Poor dear wife. I heard her say, 'Is he drunk?'

"'No, mother,' says the little fellow; 'he do look like as if he has been crying,' and then he was off.

"Ah! it was crying and crying and keeping on crying for many a day after that. I could do nothing else, how could I? I felt myself such a brute beast that I could not sit down to meat with my wife and children for weeks after that. I was ashamed to let them see me. I used to take my bit of victuals and go away by myself, away out in the yard, or upstairs—anywhere out of sight. I didn't feel that I could ask God to forgive me. I didn't want Him to. I wanted Him to keep me smarting and weeping for it. But He did forgive me, bless His name! almost before I asked Him to, and a very long time before I could forgive myself. And as for the poor dear wife, she made it harder than ever, for it was nothing but goodness and love from her.

"Well, then I found my way back to the class. It was just like the prodigal coming home. The dear old leader, he flung his arms about my neck and kissed me, and they all praised the Lord for me. They told me that never a day had passed since I had gone away from them but they had prayed the Lord to bring me back again.

"'Bless the Lord! I knew He would,' cried the dear old leader, and he could do nothing but wipe his eyes and praise the Lord.

"A good man he was, I am sure of that," said Bob as he rose to go, and I never blamed him for what he did. He meant well enoough."

"Well," said I, "meaning right won't go far unless it is backed up by doing right. I DON'T THINK IT IS RIGHT FOR GOOD FOLKS TO GO PLAYING WITH LUCIFER MATCHES WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY POWDER MAGAZINES ABOUT."

THE TWO COINS.

"BEN ADAM had a golden coin one day,
Which he put out at interest with a Jew.
Year after year, awaiting him it lay,
Until the double coin two pieces grew:
And these two, four,—so on, till people said,
'How rich Ben Adam is!' and bowed the servile head.

"Ben Selim had a golden coin that day,
Which to a stranger asking alms he gave,
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way.
But Selim died, too poor to own a grave;
But, when his soul reached heaven, angels with pride
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied."

SIDE LIGHTS UPON JOHNSON.

BY R. W. BOODLE.

It is the fashion of our day to send merit of all kinds to the poll. If the literary men of the past were subjected to the same ordeal, who doubts how the votes would go! Shakespeare first, and the rest nowhere, if it were made a question of books; but let us suppose character and personality to be the crucial test, and Dr. Johnson would be sure of his "plurality," as the Americans call it. On these grounds Johnson got his centenary celebrated, when men of greater ability as men of letters had died a hundred years for nothing. And so Johnson took his place alongside of Virgil, Shakespeare and Luther!

Though the reasons for which we canonise Johnson are pretty obvious, we have all, I presume, our own favourite notion of him. Macaulay loved to recall him seated in the Club, browbeating and scintillating, now rude and unreasonable, now uttering epigrams destined to live forever with the English language. Carlyle's Johnson is like Mr. Matthew Arnold's Oxford, "home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties"—the hero who dared to stem the tendencies of his age, to ignore Hume, and despise Rousseau. Thackeray, too, had his pet idea of Johnson as a grey-haired "boy," as the first of those club-men, for whom he himself wrote and with whom his fame will live or die.

Let me try to describe the Johnson I have in my mind. My starting point shall be a certain April Sunday evening, in the year 1781. Johnson is receiving his friends, and the company consists of the inevitable Levett and Boswell, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Desmoulins. We have, besides, Allen, the painter, and Macbean, Johnson's amanuensis; lastly, Mrs. Hall, the sister of John Wesley. Not a famous assemblage, this; there were none of the wits present, whose genius called forth Johnson's highest powers. Burke was not there, nor Campbell, nor Thurlow, nor Reynolds. But it was still a memorable evening. "Johnson produced now for the first time," Boswell tells us, "some handsome silver salvers, which he told me he had bought fourteen years ago."

Let us think for a moment. Fourteen years ago takes us

back to the year 1767, when Johnson had his famous interview with George III.; it was two years after the publication of his "Shakespeare," at a time when the Literary Club was in its first lustre, and when Johnson still possibly cherished ideas of material greatness, such as he describes as the foible of poor Savage throughout his miserable life. Savage "always preserved," he writes, "a steady confidence in his own capacity, and believed nothing above his reach which he should at any time earnestly endeavour to attain. He formed schemes of the same kind with regard to knowledge and to fortune, and flattered himself with advances to be made in science, as with riches to be enjoyed in some distant period of his life." To be "served in plate," we must remember, was Swift's ambition too, an ambition which even got the better of his avarice. "He was the poorest gentleman in Ireland," Johnson reports him as saying, "that ate upon plate, and the richest that lived without a coach." Johnson's aspirations never soared to the coach, but there was a time when he was ambitious to be "served in plate"; and so, as we see, he had procured a silver set. For fourteen years these "scænis decora alta futuris" remained under lock and key,—for fourteen years, waiting for the appropriate time for their appearance. But the occasion never came. At last, when Johnson was seventy-two, they were produced as we have seen. What must have been Johnson's thoughts as he gazed upon these offspring of a bygone ambition?

This little incident has never, so far as I know, attracted the attention of the numerous writers that have investigated Johnson's career. Yet, to my mind, it throws a strong light on his character, as well as on the Promethean nature of the literary man, the new profession then starting into existence, of which Johnson is the first signal example, and which he has described on its sadder side in the detailed portrait of his friend Savage.

Let me dwell for a moment on the historical bearing of the question. In Coleridge's "Table Talk" we find reported a neat summary of the progress of literary revolution. "There have been three silent revolutions in England: first, when the professions fell off from the Church; secondly, when literature fell off from the professions; and thirdly, when the press fell off from literature." The figure of Johnson stands to mark for us the second of these revolutions. The press, as in the case of the *Rambler*, was still part of literature; but literature was no

longer in the hands of the professions. A man need not be a statesman, like Clarendon or Sully, to write history, or a bishop, like Burnet or Warburton, to speak with authority upon ecclesiastical matters and theology. The literary profession had come into existence, free to speak its mind upon history, or politics, or even religion. That this fact had not as yet won general recognition we can see from the constant wonder expressed in Johnson's day, at his not choosing the Church as his profession, when he was so well qualified as a man and a moralist. In 1756 we know he was offered a living by his friend Langton, if he would take holy orders; but he refused. Johnson knew he was not fitted for the Church. His vocation was different. He was our first great literary man, or as he himself wrote in October, 1784, just before his death, "Sir Joshua Reynolds told me long ago that my vocation was to public life, and I hope still to keep my station till God shall bid me *Go in peace!*" Adam Smith, too, had noticed the genesis of this new profession when he was writing his "Wealth of Nations," published in 1775, though he calls the literary life by a different name. He speaks of "philosophers, or men of speculation, whose trade is not to do anything, but to observe everything; and who upon that account are often capable of combining together the powers of the most distant and dissimilar objects. In the progress of society, philosophy or speculation becomes, like every other employment, the principal or sole trade and occupation of a particular class of citizens." Johnson, we know, just as Carlyle and Emerson in our own day, was called a philosopher, though the literary life was but a specialized development of the philosophic.

To my mind one of the most interesting sides of such books as Boswell's "Johnson," or Rousseau's "Confessions," is the insight they give us into the moral and mental state of what we call "literary men." Let us think first of the life that the literary man leads. When I contemplate a Johnson or a Rousseau, living through long years of forced inaction, living alone with his thoughts, while other men are busied with their hands or their brains upon tangible objects;—as I recall such a man, necessarily given to introspection, necessarily at times uttering wild cries of despair over the misery of life, but then again finding the relief of utterance in a "Rasselas" or a "Julie,"—I think sometimes of Bellerophon, wandering alone upon the Aleian plain, devouring his own soul and shunning the paths

of men; sometimes, too, of Prometheus, chained to the rock with the vulture gnawing at his vitals, yet prophesying at intervals of the future of the human race. And I think, too, of the poor Strasburg goose, nailed down in her coop and periodically stuffed that her liver may provide a delicacy for epicures. The simile is not as complete as it might be, for literary men are not uncommonly starved.

Consider for a moment the life that the literary man leads, and you will excuse Johnson his occasional bearishness. It was almost natural that Rousseau should quarrel with everybody he met, and that Carlyle, contemplating the eternal verities, should form a mean estimate of poor average human nature.

In the literary constitution or frame of mind, certain features are of regular recurrence. We find large and comprehensive schemes, but scanty performance. Compare the lists of works projected by Bacon and Johnson with what they actually completed, and think again of Rousseau's "La Morale Sensitive," of which he bequeathed eventually only his life as the rough study for others to theorise upon. Moreover, we have constantly repeated attempts to escape from this unsettled life, which, to the patient, seems so miserable and despicable, though posterity is the gainer by his sufferings. With the death of his wife, in 1754, the last tie that bound Johnson to earth seemed to have snapped. "I have ever since seemed to myself," he writes, "broken off from mankind; a kind of solitary wanderer in the wild of life, without any direction, or fixed point of view: a gloomy gazer on the world to which I have little relation." He tells us that the great business of his life was to escape from himself. The theatre, for instance, is for him "an escape from self." "Let us trust," he says again, "that a time will come when the present moment shall be no longer irksome: when we shall not borrow all our happiness from hope, which at last is to end in disappointment."

Hence we find, all through the life of the literary man, constant resolutions of amendment, plans formed, but speedily abandoned, of entering this or that profession. It was so with Rousseau, it was so with Johnson. In 1738, and again in 1765, he thought seriously of law, and as late as 1778 he still believed that he ought to have been a lawyer. Johnson's fresh starts continue up to his last year. "In the afternoon," he writes in 1783, "I felt myself light and easy, and began to plan schemes

of life. Thus I went to bed, and in a short time waked and sat up, as has been long my custom, when I felt a confusion and indistinctness in my head." But alas! this was the first warning of the arch enemy:

> "Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta
> Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quieseunt."

From twelve to twenty years ago, when the *Fortnightly* and *Westminster Reviews* were passing through the rampant and hostile stage of freethinking, when every magazine teemed with papers of a religious (or irreligious) tendency, it was a frequent cause of offence that Pascal and Johnson were orthodox Christians. Men with their logical turn of mind, it was urged, ought not to have been so; and the speculative writer loved to indulge in speculations as to why they were so. Some people dared to hint that Johnson had not the courage of his opinions; while others, conceding the power of his mind within certain limits, maintained that these limits were circumscribed and narrow, like those of a mediæval philosopher. However this might be, the question, like the conversion of St. Paul, was generally believed to be important, and one calling for a definite answer, and a theory of some sort. And so it happened that, as I read my Boswell and my Johnson, I jotted down what appeared to me to be the leading trains of Johnsonian thought upon the subject of revealed religion. In this paper of notes upon Johnson, it will, perhaps, be interesting to have some of these recapitulated as a matter of curiosity.

First of all, then, Johnson dwells upon our ignorance and imperfect knowledge,—the very weapon that our modern Agnostics have since pressed into the service of the enemy. In this way revelation was a necessity for man, in order to inform him of what was right and wrong. Johnson again insists, often enough, upon the testimony of Scripture, and upon the fulfilment of prophecy; while he places great reliance upon the authority of men who have believed in more modern times. Especially does he build upon the steady belief of those who have been converted after unsettlement and doubts.

But while Johnson could give his reasons when he was pressed and saw fit to do so, he much preferred to hold his tongue, believing with Hooker, that "our soundest knowledge" about God "is to know that we know Him not, and our safest eloquence concerning Him is our silence." One is struck by this in two memorable scenes related by Boswell.

Towards the close of his life, Johnson was staying with Dr. Adams, the Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, and the conversation at breakfast dropped on to forms of prayer. One can picture the whole scene. The great man who really *felt* about religion, surrounded by the superficial Boswell and a collection of college dons. Dr. Adams suggested that Johnson should compose some family prayers, which Johnson wisely refused to do, as Adams could do it for himself, adding that it might be well to make a selection of suitable prayers from among those already published. But Johnson's tormentors were not satisfied, they must drive him into a corner. "We all now gathered about him," his biographer narrates, "and two or three of us at a time joined in, pressing him to execute this plan. He seemed to be a little displeased at the manner of our importunity, and in great agitation called out, 'Do not talk thus of what is so awful. I know not what time God will allow me in this world. There are many things which I wish to do.' Some of us persisted, and Dr. Adams said: 'I never was more serious about anything in my life.' Johnson: 'Let me alone; let me alone; I am overpowered.' And then he put his hands before his face and reclined for some time upon the table."

Upon another occasion, the resurrection of the dead had been the subject of a recent sermon, and Mrs. Hall submitted that it was a very curious subject, and that she should like to hear it discussed. Johnson, with his usual feelings of reverence, declined to enter upon the subject. Mrs. Hall persisted, "But, sir, I should like to hear *you* discuss it;" and she continued the conversation, maintaining that we should be raised with the same bodies. But the Doctor was not to be drawn out: after a few words of dissent, he left the subject much as it was. Boswell's concluding comment is to us very significant. "She seemed desirous of knowing more, but he *left the question in obscurity.*"

It is in such scenes as these that the depth and reality of Johnson's religious convictions make themselves felt. The sacred was so sacred to Johnson that he could scarcely bear to discuss it. There is a spice of the love of contradiction, but a substratum of religious sentiment quite foreign to his age in Johnson's reply to Mr. Doddington, who observed that it was a dreadful night,—there being at the time a violent storm of rain and wind. "No, sir, it is a very fine night. The Lord is abroad." And because Johnson felt so deeply about religion,

he was not at times afraid to allow his humour to play about the subject. Thus we get his celebrated eulogy of Dr. John Campbell: "Campbell is a good man, a pious man. I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years; but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat. This shows he has good principles." In the same humorous spirit Johnson defended his breach of his own principles, when he dined out twice in Passion Week with two bishops: "You must consider laxity is a bad thing; but preciseness is also a bad thing; and your general character may be more hurt by preciseness than by dining with a bishop in Passion Week."

Notwithstanding all this, notwithstanding that Johnson's humour and his broad human nature were liable, so to speak, to kick over the traces, we cannot help feeling the difference between Johnson and his fellows. To them religion was a matter of custom and good manners, to him it was one of conviction. They delighted in it as a subject of reasoning and discussion; he felt passionately about it. As Johnson lived, so he died. Instead of the dread which he had habitually expressed at the thoughts of death, when it came he faced it with the courage of a hero. His last words addressed to a young girl, who stood at his bedside, "God bless you, my dear," are nobler words, to my mind, than the theatrical exits of an Addison or a Goethe.

Everyone, I have said before, has his own idea of Johnson. Macaulay dwells upon his qualities as a talker and epigrammatist, Carlyle upon his greatness as a reactionary. For myself I have a different picture in my mind. It is not Johnson in society, but Johnson alone; not in the brilliant intervals when Boswell visited London and dragged him into the life of the world, but during the long nights when Mrs. Williams had the vapours, and Johnson was forced to take refuge in himself. There were his silver salvers locked in the cupboard, and he possibly thought too often of the men possessed of a tithe of his abilities who had passed him in the race of life, winning riches and social importance. His wife was dead, and life was to him but "this gloom of solitude." Like Job, Boswell tells us, he disliked any mention being made of his birthday. "I am a straggler," he would say, "I may leave this town and go to Grand Cairo, without being missed here or observed there."

Such was the sombre background of Johnson's life during his later years, after his continuous literary work had practi-

cally ceased in 1768, with the publication of his edition of Shakespeare—ceased when a well-earned pension had made habitual work unnecessary. "No man but a blockhead," he used to say, "ever wrote except for money." Yet it was during these years, and in spite of temptations to moroseness and misanthropy, that his character matured, and his powers grew to perfection. It was not, we must remember, the Johnson of these years who wrote the Chesterfield letter, or insulted the Misses Cotterell. And it was in 1781 that he published his "Lives of the Poets."

The gloomy side of Johnson's life may not be so heroic as that which Carlyle brings into prominence, or so cheerful as that upon which Macaulay dwells, but it leads us to make two reflections. When we compare the character of Johnson with that of Carlyle, and think of Johnson living to the last in comparative poverty, while Carlyle attained affluence long before his death, we are in a position to give due praise to the goodness of his heart. And as we observe the undertone of sadness that characterizes his writings, as well as his life, we think how nature has marked all real greatness with the stamp of suffering. "Every noble crown is, and on earth will forever be, a crown of thorns!" "Great son of nature," writes Francis Palgrave in his "Visions of England," a book which, if singularly devoid of poetical merit, is none the less valuable for its historical insight:—

"Great son of nature, born to years
Of unperceived and inner change,
Slow drifting far beyond the range
Of thy strong youth! Thy name to us endears
The little city of thy birth
With equal thoughts of gloom and mirth.

For in that formal-featured day
Of dominant reason, on thy heart
The sorrow of the world, the smart
Of those who feel, the stress of mystery lay."

CLOUD CASTLES.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

DID you see the snowy castle
Shining far off in the air?
Did you mark its massy bulwarks
And its gleaming turrets fair?

Deep and broad seemed its foundations,
Stable as the solid rock,
Braving in their stern defiance
Tempest roar and battle shock.

And its huge and strong escarpment
Rose sheer up into the sky,
And above its sunset's banners
Streamed and waved right royally.

Hark! throughout that lordly castle,
Trumpets peal and lightnings glare,
And the thunder's haughty challenge
Shakes the wide domains of air.

Now before the rushing tempest,
All its cloudy pillars bend,
And the leven bolts of heaven
Smite its bastions deep and rend.

And the castle sways and totters;
A vast breach is in its walls;
Now its turrets sink and crumble,
And its lofty rampart falls.

So I've seen a gorgeous castle,
Built of hopes and visions bright,
Sink and disappear forever,
Like a phantom of the night.

O the gay and glorious castles!
How we build them up again,
But to see them melt and vanish,
As the clouds dissolve in rain.

O my soul! look thou up higher,
Where the many mansions be,
To that bright and glorious palace
That thy Lord hath built for thee,—

Gates of pearl and walls of jasper,
Streets of gold—and there doth roll
The river making glad forever
That bright palace of the soul.

Be it thine when earth shall vanish,
And its palaces dissolve,
There to dwell in joy forever,
While eternal years revolve.

BETWEEN TWO LOVES.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER VII.—ELEANOR'S FLIGHT.

In spite of the rain and murky fog full of bits of coal dust and burned flakes of carbon, in spite of the gutters running with black water, in spite of the sodden, slipshod men and women, Sarah trod the miserable lanes with a light heart. She hastened to Steve's cottage, though she had little hope of seeing him there. Still, Joyce could be comforted, and perhaps some one found who, knowing where Steve was, would go after him. Ere she opened the door, the shrill voice of Joyce, raised in loud, querulous tones, was audible enough; and when she entered, the sight that met her eyes was a painful one. Steve, wet, ragged, and perfectly reckless-looking, was standing upon the hearth-stone, and the once pretty Joyce, almost equally ragged, and in a violent passion, was railing at him in unmeasured terms of reproach and indignation. As Sarah entered, she turned to her, "Ay, come thy ways in, and look at thy brother. Did ta iver see a bigger vagabond than he is? Here he's back home again, and without work, and without a penny; and thou knows t' little one and I were pretty well clemmed to death when thou got us a bit o' bread and meat last night. We were that!"

"Steve, my dear lad."

"Sarah, lass, I'm glad to see thee."

"I hev brought thee good news, Steve. Joyce, be quiet now; all is going to be right and happy again. Master Burley says, 'Tell Steve to come back to his loom.' Thou can start tomorrow morn, Steve."

Joyce threw her apron over her head, and began to cry softly—tears of hope and relief. Steve stood sullen and silent, glancing first at Sarah and then at his worn-out shoes and ragged clothes. She understood his thought. She even divined the kind of repugnance he felt to go back at all to daily work, especially among the old comrades whom he had so pridefully deserted, and she put her hand on his wet, ragged coat-sleeve, and said soothingly, "Thou art tired out and no wonder. Go up-stairs to thy bed, and I'll make thee a bit of warm breakfast, and then thou can sleep for twenty hours if ta likes to."

"How can I go back to Burley's in such a rig as this?" and he lifted his foot, and looked almost pathetically at his muddy suit of rags.

"Hesn't ta a better suit?"

"Ay, there is one at Jonas Hardcastle's. What good is that, though?"

"Hes ta t' ticket for it?"

"Joyce hes it?"

"Varry well. I'll see after things. Thee go to thy bed, and sleep off t' weariness. I'll not let thee go back to Burley's in dirt and rags; thou can be sure o' that."

"There's few lasses as trustable as thee, Sarah. I'm fair beat out, and I'll be thankful to hev a bit o' meat and a bit o' peace."

In half an hour a comfortable breakfast was soon ready for the tired wanderer. "Now, Joyce, dear lass, take it up-stairs to him, and give him a kiss with it. Thou must make up thy mind to put up with a deal, and to forgive and forget a deal, but Steve is most like t' prodigal in t' New Testament, and thou must go and meet him. Do, lass! do, lass—for Lotta's sake!'

"Bible folks are Bible folks, Sarah. I niver got religion, yet, and I can't frame mysen to act like them. I'm angry at Steve, and I hev reason—"

"To be sure thou hast reasons, plenty o' them. But come, Joyce, t' coffee is getting cold and t' bacon; take them up-stairs to Steve, take them kindly, *do!* All depends on thee, after all. I am going now to get his best suit home."

Into the rain and gloom she went, and when she returned, with the suit in her arms, Joyce and Steve were eating together as happy as two children who had just "made up" a quarrel. Steve was then ready to make any promise the two women wanted; and, after a happy hour with them, he was left to sleep in the darkened room. Then new shoes had to be bought for him, and Sarah went for them; for the rest, she was hard at work till late at night, patching, washing, and ironing. She had her reward, however, for next morning, when Steve called for her, he was as clean and tidy as a good workman ought to be.

It was something of a trial for him to return to his old place, and Sarah expected he would have to bear many an unpleasant look and gibe. She knew also that Steve was on the alert for offence, and a man in that condition is very apt to get what he is looking for. She dreaded the dinner-hour. The rude jokes, so natural to the men and women, and so pleasantly given and taken as a general thing, had always riled Steve's sensitive nature, and she felt that he was in precisely that temper which appropriates and resents the most innocent freedoms.

As twelve o'clock approached she became heart-sick with fear; but a few minutes before it the master entered the room. He walked straight to Steve's loom, and every eye was upon him. Sarah's hands trembled, her face flushed, and then turned deadly pale, and she could not help but watch the meeting, upon which so much depended.

But if she had known Jonathan better she would have been

sure that his visit meant kindness. In fact, the master, having been himself a "hand," knew pretty well the drift of Steve's fears and feelings; nor had he forgotten the gauntlet of the noon hour's mirth which Steve might have to run. Ben Holden had said, "Let him have it. It will do him good. He will hear some plain truths that happen he'll hear nowhere else." Jonathan thought differently. "Gibing at a man's faults never yet helped to cure them. It is better to trust than to mock, thou may depend upon it, Ben," he answered.

For, to do a half-kindness, to give a reproachful forgiveness, to season favour with punishment, these were things Jonathan Burley could not do. He had forgiven Steve, forgiven him freely, and he meant to give him a fair chance in every way. So, in the sight of all, he walked straight to Steve's loom. "I am glad to see thee at thy place again, Steve Benson." He said the words plainly and heartily; and those who could not hear them saw the pleasant look on his face, and saw him put out his hand and give the renegade worker a hearty welcome back.

Undoubtedly Jonathan had a thought of Sarah also in this kind deed. None of our motives ring clear through every depth, and he knew well that any scorn or offence offered to Steve would hurt Steve's sister in a double measure. As he turned from the young man he glanced at Sarah. Her face was radiant. Her eyes like two stars. No words could have thanked him as well. Her evident joy went to his heart like sunshine. He coloured brightly in his pleasure, and went out of the room, for that hour at least, a thoroughly happy man.

In the serenity and light of that one loving deed Jonathan went joyfully many days. He said no more to Steve, and he did not speak to Sarah, but Steve felt his good-will, and Sarah sung at her work, and looked happy and hopeful again. As it drew near to Christmas, Eleanor wrote confidently of her return to Yorkshire; and as she made fewer complaints, Jonathan trusted she was beginning to find that peace was better than strife.

But while the Askes were lingering in Paris, Eleanor gave birth to her first child, and the necessary delay was prolonged by the sudden death of the babe three weeks afterwards, and by the immoderate grief of the mother, causing a somewhat dangerous relapse in her own condition. Anthony's sorrow and disappointment was also great, but it was modified by some considerations which the bereaved mother could not take into account. The boy had been born on French soil; it was almost a calamity in Anthony's eyes for the heir of Aske to be anything but "born Yorkshire." Such a thing had never happened before in all the records of the house, and he could not help regarding the child as in some measure a foreigner.

Nor was Aske's sentiment one peculiar to himself. The news of his grandson's birth gave Jonathan, at the moment of its intelligence, a thrill of the proudest gratification; but his very next feeling had been one of chagrin that the boy had not been born in the stately home of which he was the heir. Still, his elation was so manifest that Ben Holden did not scruple to say, "Thou holds thy head high this morning, Jonathan. What hes lifted thee up so?"

"I am a grandfather, Ben. Mistress Aske has a fine son."

"I am right glad it's a boy."

"So am I. My word! Won't Aske be proud? And sure enough, there's Aske's church-bells ringing! They'll hev got the news, too. Poor little chap, to be born in France, of all places in the world!"

"Ay, it's a pity. Aske won't like it, thou may be sure o' that. Some women, nay, I may well say all women, are so contrary."

"If there was an earthquake, thou would blame women for it, Ben. It sounds spiteful in thee. Thou hed a right good mother, and two good sisters, I'm sure."

"Ay, I hed; but their kind aren't common."

"Be quiet, will ta? They are common enough. Don't thee set thysen up to think thou hed t' only good mother and sisters. Other men hev been just as lucky as thou wert. There's good women in every family, and if there's a bad one, like as not she's a good one that has been spoiled by some bad man's mismanagement. I'll hev to be an out-and-out infidel before I lose my faith i' good women, Ben."

"Let the subject drop, Jonathan. Thee and me hes other things more important to talk about. There's them white yarns Jeremiah Wade sent—they ought to be sent back to him."

"Then send 'em back; and see here, shut up t' mill at twelve o'clock, and tell t' hands I'll add half a crown to ivery one's wage this week, for the sake of t' grandson. Bless his soul! though he is half a foreigner, we must give him a welcome."

In rather less than three weeks the heir of Aske was dead, and regrets of all kinds were such a very mockery that no one spoke them. It was understood that the squire was coming home as soon as his lady was fit to travel, and the local papers made constant allusions to the preparations in progress for their return. One day, towards the end of January, Jonathan was singularly restless. It was not any business anxiety that made him so, for such troubles induced always a kind of quiet self-concentration. He knew that it was an undefined worry about his daughter that disturbed him, and he left the mill early, went home and dressed, and then ordered his carriage for Aske Hall.

His presentiment had been in some measure a true one. Aske and his wife had arrived during the afternoon, and as he entered the large and lofty vestibule he saw Anthony coming down the great stairway in dinner dress. Small and slight as he was, Jonathan could not help being struck with his aristocratic appearance: he had the manner of a man accustomed to the highest peaks of social life, mingled with that calm confidence which comes from inherited consideration. The two men met with sincere emotion and kindness. "I am particularly glad to see you, sir," said Anthony. "I have sent a groom to Burley House with the news of our arrival, but he has hardly had time to get there."

"Nay, I didn't see him. I came on my own order. How is Eleanor, poor lass?"

"Still weak and fretting. She has been longing to see you."

They had been approaching the drawing-room as they spoke, and when Anthony opened the door Burley saw his daughter ere she had any idea of his presence. The glance filled him with pity. She was dressed in deep mourning, and she lay back wearily in a large chair, with her eyes closed and her hands dropped listlessly upon her lap. Her sombre garments made the pallor of her face more conspicuous, and Jonathan's eyes were full of tears when he took her to his breast and kissed her.

Yet they had a very pleasant dinner. Aske had much to tell, and he told it well, and Eleanor diversified his narration by her comments. And while they were still at the table, several gentlemen who had heard of the squire's arrival called and joined them, and Eleanor's pale face gathered colour and her eyes light, and she said, with an emphasis which delighted all, that "she was glad to be home, and thought no other place half so beautiful."

About eleven o'clock there was quite a merry gathering in the great entrance-hall, where a big fire was sending banners of flame dancing up the wide chimney. Horses and gigs and carriages were being brought from the stables, and the visitors stood, hats in hand, chatting gayly of the coming "hunts" and balls and dinners, of their pleasure in Mrs. Aske's return, reiterating congratulations and compliments.

Jonathan watched his daughter closely as she stood on the rug of skins with one foot on the stone fender, and the blazing fire throwing fitful lights and shadows over her beautiful face and tall, black-robed figure. There was a pathos and languor about her which he had never noticed before, and which might be the result of her sickness and her mourning dress, or might spring from a heart weary with contention, accepting a fate which it deprecated, but could no longer resist.

"But I'll not meddle nor make in Aske's affairs," he thought,

as he was driven rapidly home. "I'll not say to Eleanor, 'Is ta happy?' or 'Is ta no happy?' I'll never put a question to her. She looked sad enough, but then a woman that hes lost her first baby can't look as if she hed it in her arms. It isn't to be expected."

He thought it best, upon the whole, not to go too often to Aske Hall, and to make his visits there at those ceremonial dinners when there was much company, and its domestic life was hid behind its social obligations. But Jonathan knew his daughter's peculiarities, and in the atmosphere of feasting, and amid the ripple of conversation, love has quick eyes. He saw below the surface, and he divined the heart-burnings and disappointments which he would scarcely admit or give a name to, even in his inmost consciousness.

One night in March—a cold, clear, frosty night—he was sitting alone by his fireside. His dinner had been highly satisfactory, and he was serenely smoking his second pipe. The thought in his heart was Sarah Benson. He could see that his last effort to save Steve had not been altogether successful. During the Christmas week the restless man had renewed his old habits, and ever since the hard struggle to keep him at work had been manifest to Jonathan in Sarah's anxious face. That very day Steve's loom had been silent and vacant, and though he had taken no notice of the fact, Sarah's downcast eyes, and the hot flush that suffused her face when he entered the room, told him how severely she felt the shame of Steve's absence.

As he sat still, he was wondering what was the best thing to do in the case, for he had no thought of giving it up. Had he not said, "until seventy times seven?" And he knew well that, before he could hope to bring Sarah to his own home, there must be some certain prospect for the brother whom she conceived herself bound to watch over, not only because she loved him, but because she had kissed the promise to do so upon her mother's dying lips.

The room was still and light, its atmosphere such as befitted the handsome, thoughtful, middle-aged man, sitting so calmly smoking amid its manifold luxuries. Suddenly the door was quickly opened, and Eleanor, in a passion of weeping, flung herself at her feet, and laying her hand on his breast, sobbed out, "O father! father! father! Anthony—struck me!"

Then Jonathan dashed his pipe upon the hearth, and shattered it to pieces. He raised the weeping woman in his arms, and he whispered fiercely below his breath, "I'll horsewhip him for it!"

The natural man, and the unpolished, uneducated man, asserted himself at this crisis, and would not listen to reason. "Go thee back to thy old rooms," he said, sternly; "thou shalt niver enter Aske Hall again. If that is t' way fine gentlemen treat a

woman like thee, why, they won't try it twice on my lass, that's all about it."

If Aske had struck him he could have borne it better; for, as he told himself, "I would hev given him such a threshing as would hev brought him down to his right place varry quick." But he could imagine no circumstance which would excuse such an outrage on his daughter.

When he came to his breakfast-table in the morning Eleanor was waiting for him. She looked so sweet and fair that it was delightful to see her again making out his coffee; and he felt his heart thrill with a fierce sense of triumph over his son-in-law.

"Whatever did ta do to him, Eleanor, to make him lift his hand to thee?" he asked.

Her bright eyes scintillated, and with a shrug of her shoulders, she looked steadily at her father, and answered with an inimitable air of mockery, "*I laughed at him.*" And under the fascination of her eyes and manner Jonathan might have understood how a man of Anthony Aske's passionate temper had been laughed into an irritation that was almost irresponsible. But he would not permit himself to listen to any suggestion that would excuse Aske's offence.

After reading his mails at the mill he called in Ben Holden. "Ben," he said, as he planted himself firmly on the hearth-rug—"Ben, my daughter came back to me last night."

"Does ta mean she has left her husband?"

"Ay, I do."

Ben walked to the window and looked out. After a minute's reflection, he turned to Burley and said, "Send her home, Jonathan."

"I'll not. Why—a—Aske struck her!"

"I'll be bound she deserved it."

For in Ben's opinion Aske had committed no very heinous offence. Englishmen had a legal right to chastise their disobedient wives; and if Solomon had extended the rod to them as well as to the children, Ben would have had a much higher opinion of him as the wisest of men.

"Still, I say, send her home," he added.

"Thou may give good counsel, but I'm none fool enough to take it."

"Mind this, Burley, them that pick a quarrel wi' Aske will get more than they bargain for. The Askes are a fell lot. Squire Anthony is little, but ivery bit o' that little is Aske."

"I have a good cause to quarrel wi' him."

"Thou art angry now, and thou is telling lies to thysen. Leisure a bit, and see what Aske will say about his wife. I'll warrant he hed a good cause to quarrel wi' her."

"I won't; not I."

"Thou won't do right, and thou won't take wrong. Varry well. Thou is ravelling a bonny hank for thysen to loosen. Of course, thou is big enough to give Aske a threshing, if ta likes to do it; but in every other way Aske is far more than a match for thee."

"That is to try yet."

"Dear me! They say when owt goes wrong i' families the devil blesses himsen; he would be busy enough last night. Is ta going ta keep him busy? Take my advice now, if ta niver takes it again, and send Mistress Aske to her own home. Thou hes no business at all to harbor her."

"Hevn't I? We'll try that. I won't send her home, niver!"

"Then send for Aske and hev it out wi' him. I'll be bound he's varry little to blame."

"I won't do it."

"Then write for him."

"Not I—not a line."

"Then tak' thy own way. What did ta ask me about it for? Did ta think because I took thy wages I would tell thee to do what is both wrong and foolish? Thou might have known Ben Holden better."

"Don't thee quarrel wi' me now, Ben. I hev trouble enough without that one."

"Say no more, Jonathan. Thou art sure to do right in t' long run. Did ta notice Steve Benson was away again yesterday?"

"Ay, I did. I don't know whativer's to be done to save t' lad. If thou art spoiling to be giving good advice, Steve is needing it badly, Ben; and happen he'll take it better than me."

The quarrel between Anthony and his wife had risen about such a trifle as the wearing of a sapphire necklace; but, as it usually happens, the apparent trifle represented things far more important. On that night they were going to Squire Bashpoole's to dinner. The squire was Anthony's uncle on his mother's side, and before his marriage Aske had been a very frequent visitor at Bashpoole Manor House, and there had been a general opinion that he intended to marry his cousin, Jane Bashpoole. That young lady had also been a great favourite with Anthony's mother, and had understood from her that she was to inherit the sapphire set which was among the Aske jewels.

But if Anthony had one opinion about the estate more fixed and prominent than any other, it was the idea of keeping intact whatever belonged to Aske as a family property. Of the house, the land, the timber, the plate, the jewels, he was only a steward for those who should succeed him. The young lady's claim was no clearer than a supposition, grounded probably upon her

own strong desire; and Squire Bashpoole thoroughly agreed with his nephew in his reluctance to alienate any portion of the family belongings. And though "Cousin Jane" had been prevailed upon to accept a similar necklace as a gift from Cousin Anthony, she still felt the Aske sapphires to be a painful subject; and it had required tact, as well as generosity, on Anthony's part to atone for his apparent niggardliness.

Indiscretion was not one of Anthony's failings, but it had happened that in some hour of post-nuptial confidence the young husband had told Eleanor of the dispute. Perhaps he hoped the knowledge would induce her to forego the pleasure of wearing them under circumstances when they would be likely to annoy the disappointed claimant. The hope was neither extravagant nor unnatural, and hitherto Eleanor had scrupulously regarded it. But on that unfortunate day a series of small domestic annoyances had wrought her into a most provoking mood of mingled mockery and defiance. When she was nearly dressed Anthony came to hurry her movements, and, as men are apt to do, he enforced his wishes with a sweeping condemnation of the unpunctuality and unreliability of women.

Her jewel case was open, and on the topmost tray the sapphire set sparkled. Her eyes fell on it as Anthony spoke, and the devil prompted her answer, "I am ready if you will clasp my necklace."

"Not that, Eleanor! Not that necklace, certainly!"

"I intend to wear this and no other."

"I have told you that my cousin Jane wanted it."

"Very impertinent and greedy of her!"

"And to wear it to Bashpoole would be an insult, not only to her, but also to my uncle and aunt."

"Nevertheless, I shall wear it."

"You shall not."

"I beg your pardon, I shall!"

She stood defiantly before him in her rich black satin gown, with the glinting stones in her hand. Her beauty was so compelling, his admiration of her so deep, and his love for her so great, that almost under any other circumstances he would have acknowledged her right to order her own toilet. But he could not insult his nearest kin and lose the friendship of two generations for the wearing of a necklace, and he told her so in plain and positive terms.

She answered him by a scornful mimicry of the words, "*my cousin Jane!*" and a ripple of contemptuous laughter. Then she lifted the jewels to her white throat herself, and Anthony caught her hands and took them from her. This act of authority was followed by an angry dispute, and finally Eleanor declared that Aske had struck her hand, and she lifted the sapphires and flung them from her with passionate hate and

scorn. They were scattered hither and thither, and Anthony, troubled beyond measure at the whole dispute, stooped to gather up the precious fragments. In that interval Eleanor went downstairs, and finding the carriage waiting, entered it, and gave the order "to Burley House."

At first his wife's escapade did not much trouble him. He sent an apology to Bashpoole, and sat down in his private parlour to calm and collect his thoughts. On the return of the coachman he was satisfied that she had gone to her father, and he believed Jonathan Burley would at once bring her back to her home and duty. When it got so late that he was forced to abandon this hope for the night, he still never thought of blaming Jonathan. He supposed that Eleanor had been either too sick or too angry to reason with, and that he had judged it better for all parties to "take counsel of their pillows."

All the next day he walked restlessly about, listening to every footstep, straining his eyes to catch the first sight of Jonathan's carriage coming through the park. When the night fell he could hardly believe in the disappointment of the day. That his wife would really desert him and go back to her father was too improbable, too dreadful an idea to even give form to. It did indeed crop like an icy, black shadow across his thoughts at intervals, but he put it angrily and positively away. A disgrace of that kind he felt it impossible to contemplate; besides, he loved Eleanor. Uneasy as life was with her, it would be intolerably empty without her.

Another day went anxiously by in watching, waiting, hoping, and fearing. He began to be angry with Burley. If he was unable to make his daughter do right, he thought he should have come to Aske and discussed the situation with him. The third day he could endure the suspense no longer. He wrote to Eleanor and sent a groom with the letter, directing him to wait for the answer. The letter was short, but very much to the purpose:

"My dear Wife,—Will you please to return home at your earliest convenience? If you will tell Simmonds when you will be ready, I will come with the carriage for you.

"Your loyal husband,

"Anthony Aske."

The few words touched the recreant wife. She knew how much Anthony must have suffered ere he condescended to write them, and her heart went out to meet her husband. Now, when a woman is led by her heart she is very seldom led wrong. Eleanor's first instinct was to sit down and write, "Come at once, dear Anthony." But, instead of obeying it, she began to reason, and so got to floundering in a quagmire of suppositions.

She told herself that this was a crisis in her matrimonial affairs, and that if she "gave in" too easily, the whole battle might be to fight over again. She concluded that if Aske loved her well enough to humble himself so far, he would go further; far enough, indeed, to render his future subservience to her will a certainty. An answer which would bring about such a desirable result was difficult to compose. No answer was better than a blundering one, for silence neither asked too much nor surrendered too much. She resolved upon it.

"There is no answer," said a servant to the waiting groom; but oh! what a sad, troubled face watched him galloping down the long avenue with the unkind message. If Anthony could only have seen the wistful eyes with their one great tear welling from their troubled depths, he would have needed no other message. "No answer, sir." The words smote him like a buffet, and brought the hot blood into his face, and made his heart tremble. He had no idea of such persistence of angry temper in Eleanor, and he felt sure that her father was encouraging her disobedience.

So he wrote to Burley. He explained the cause of dispute, and requested him to send his daughter back to Aske without further delay; "it would avoid trouble and scandal." Jonathan always answered his letters promptly and fully, and he went round no bush with his unhappy son-in-law.

"Eleanor has been unhappy for nearly two years," he said. "She has come back to my house for shelter and protection, and, please God, I'll give it to her as long as I have a roof to cover her, or an arm to shield her. A man that will strike a woman isn't fit to live with a woman; and by what I can hear and understand, my lass was struck for a very little thing. It is a poor go if she can't dress herself as she wants to, and it always seemed to me as if she did her duty uncommon well that way. I never asked her to come home, far from it; but I won't turn her out of her old home, nor I won't send her back to Aske. That's all about it, and I am thine as thou wishes it,

"JONATHAN BURLEY."

On the receipt of this letter, Aske rode over to Burley Mills at once. The interview began badly. He offered his hand on entering, and Jonathan refused it.

"Nay," he said, "I'd rather not. It's happen t' varry hand that struck my Eleanor."

"Let me explain, sir."

"For sure—if ta can."

Then Aske went over the whole story of the sapphires; adding that in the climax of the dispute he might have struck his wife's hand. "She said so, but he was too much excited to be

certain of anything; and, indeed, he was inclined to think they were both without clear recollection of what passed."

"I don't think any better of thee, Aske, for trying to sneak out of a fault that-a-way. It would be a deal more manly to say, 'I struck my wife when I was in a passion, and I'm 'shamed of mysen for it.' And, let me tell thee, thou hast far o'ermuch to say about thy cousin, Jane Bashpoole. It's likely thy wife is a bit jealous of her, and Eleanor's feeling ought to be more to thee than thy cousin Jane's and all of t' Bashpoole lot together."

"I made what apology seemed most truthful to me, Burley; and I am the last man in the world to sneak out of any quarrel. If you push me too far you will find that out."

"Thou can't frighten me, Aske."

"I don't want to frighten you. Will you send my wife home?"

"Nay, then I won't!"

"You are harbouring a wrong, sir; and I could force you to do right."

"Could ta? Do it then. I'm harbouring thy wife. If she's 'a wrong,' thou made her one. And as for forcing me to do anything I don't wan't to, try it. Thou will find thou hes got t' wrong bull by t' horns."

"I say your conduct is shameful, sir; ungentlemanly and unfatherly."

"I say thou art a liar. I say it again and again! Strike me with that whip thou art fingering if ta dares to. I'll break it to bits ooer thee if ta does."

Fortunately, at this juncture Ben Holden entered. In fact, Ben had been hanging round, fearful of the very thing which had happened, and quite determined at all risks to save his friend from disgracing himself by a physical attack on a man little more than half his size and weight. He put his hand on Jonathan's shoulder, and said, "Master Burley, mind what thou art doing. Squire, will ta be kind enough to take thysen away as soon as possible? It will be t' best for both of you."

"One word more, Burley—send my wife home."

"She was my daughter long before she was thy wife; she shall stay with me if she wants to."

At these words Aske left the room. He was white as ashes, but no one could doubt the enmity and rage which he veiled beneath his calm exterior. "He is in for a hard fight, Jonathan," said Ben; "and I'm feared we are none able for him."

"Fight, indeed! There's none in him."

"Thou will find out thou art much mistaken. They will need to have long arms that fight Aske, and a long patience, and a long purse. T' Askes hev been in Airedale since King Stephen's time, and nobody iver got the better of them yet."

"Wheniver there is a Job in trouble, he'll find plenty of thy

kind o' comforters. Let me alone, Ben. I hev done right, and I know it."

"Thou hes done wrong, and thou knows it. Go thee after Aske, and make friends with him; and send Madame Aske to her proper place, and save thysen and iverybody round thee lots o' sorrow and shame."

"Dost ta think I'm such a coward as that?"

"Nay, but it would be t' bravest thing iver thou did. And I tell thee, coward or no coward, thou can't fight Anthony Aske."

"I'll try to, anyway. So now, Ben, be quiet with thee. Thou can be a wise man, and a brave man, if ta wants to, and look out for thysen."

"Thou knows better than that. Thou knows I'll stick to thee, right or wrong, good or bad, to t' varry last."

THE CONSTANT FRIEND.

BY KATHLEEN WRIGHT.

BENEATH the green, unfolding leaves,
In rosy dawning day,
I stood and looked to east and west
To find which way would suit me best,
And north and south, and east and west,
I looked to find the way.

The bells rang through the sunny air,
The May buds opened fresh and fair,
The birds were singing everywhere,
And I was young and gay.
I saw around on every side
The many winding paths divide,
And wrapt in wonder, grand and wide
The earth before me lay.

I clasped my hands and laughed and cried
To all the birds and butterflies.
"Now who will be my friend and guide
And always with me stay?"
Then from the green, unfolding leaves
Love's eyes upon me shone.

His voice with spring-time's promise swelled,
And all the sweet May morning held;
His voice with spring-time's promise swelled
In rippling crystal tone.

"'T is I will be thy constant friend,
From first to last, from end to end,
Be with thee all the way.
I'll sing for thee when birds are fled,

WHAT ENGLAND IS DOING IN INDIA.*

BY THE REV. ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

NEITHER the pessimist nor the optimist can logically estimate the prospects of the human race if he do not take into the account, as a chief datum, the modern invasion of nearly all the outlines of the world by Christian civilization. Long ago there were spirited navigation and discovery, and some partial settlements in the foreign world, notably by the Portuguese, Spaniards, and Hollanders. But colonization, prompted by commerce, yet tending to the civilization and unification of the world, is a characteristic, if not a peculiar fact, of our times. Considered in its connection with the modern means of rapid intercommunication, it becomes a profoundly interesting fact. In its most general aspects it means the domination of the Aryan race, especially of its great Teutonic branch. We write this paper in the oldest historic field of that race, India ; the arena of one of its earliest migrations from the Bactrian highlands. It is a curious thought for an American, here amidst these hoary Oriental scenes, that he and all his kindred nationalities, with, indeed, all the great peoples of Europe, are Hindus—or at least brothers of the Hindus ; that from those north-western table-lands emigrant hosts descended into these plains, and founded the Hindu race and the Brahmanic faith ; into Persia, and founded the Zoroastrians ; into Hellas and Latium, and founded the Greek, Etruscan, and Latin peoples ; into the north-west, and founded the varied Germanic nations, peopling England with Anglo-Saxons and Northmen, and invading, at last, America, Australia, and the South Sea Islands. But though the mighty movement began in prehistoric times, nothing in history is more certain ; linguistic science has demonstrated it. The elder emigrants, Hindu, Persian, Greek, and Latin, have long since decayed ; but the Teutons are to-day in full vigour, and, under the ancient impulsion, are marching around the planet. Their Anglo-Saxon branch, especially, seems destined to a universal mission of colonization and civilization. While Russia is bearing European thought and civilization (though in a rude form) into northern and central Asia, and France into northern Africa, the Anglo-Saxons are not only dominant in the United States, in Canada, and in the great island world of the South Seas, but in southern Africa, Ceylon, and above all, in India.

What, in a century or two, must come of this almost universal movement of Aryan migration and colonization? The coasts of Africa, north, west, south, and east, are now dotted with its settlements ; and it is reaching her very heart by the Congo, and all the outlines of Asia are more or less studded with them. Steam navigation, railroads, magnetic telegraphs, and Christian ideas go with them everywhere. Can these powerful agencies

* We have pleasure in reprinting, in an abridged form, from the July number of the *Methodist Review*, this admirable paper by an experienced and acute observer and a keen student of history. His testimony is all the more valuable because it is that, not of a British subject, but of a high-minded and unprejudiced foreigner.—ED.

continue to operate without dispelling the barbaric traditions and the moral darkness of the whole foreign world?

The question is peculiarly relevant to the English sway in India. That sway has no parallel in the history of the world. It controls twice the population that imperial Rome ruled in her greatest power. No Moslem sovereign now reigns over a Mohammedan population as large as that which Victoria rules in this remote land, to say nothing of the millions who are of other religions. An incredible but an incontestable fact it is, that Christian England is to-day the greatest Mohammedan dominion on earth.

Including the various religions of India, some two hundred and fifty millions of its people acknowledge the sceptre of England. They amount to about one-sixth of the human race. If we add the growing millions of the United States, Canada, Australia, Ceylon; the recent British acquisitions in Burmah; the experiment on the Congo; the tentative projects of the German Empire in Zanzibar and elsewhere, it evidently cannot be long before the Teutonic Aryans will rule a fourth of the human race; and if their industrial and Christian civilization is a blessing, pessimism will need to qualify much its speculations on the destiny of the world. European thinkers now admit that the English language is to be the leading speech of the earth. The American traveller hardly needs any other in Europe, and here in India and Ceylon he hears it almost everywhere spoken, imperfectly, indeed, but intelligibly, by men, women, and children, not only in the hotels, but in the shops and along the streets.

And yet this British sway in India is a constant subject of hostile criticism both at home and abroad. The home English journals borrow their invectives largely from the native Indian press; but the very existence of the latter is one of the most significant proofs of the beneficent tendency of the English rule. India knew nothing of the newspaper till England gave it to her. Few foreigners know how extensive this great exponent of civilization has become there. The first vernacular periodical was issued by missionaries in 1822. When the "Press Regulations" were repealed, in 1835, there were but six native papers, and not one of them political. The press is now as free, and, it must be added, as vituperative, as that of London or New York, and last year (1885) the public statistics showed it to amount to about 450 distinct periodicals. One of the sixteen English "dailies" is conducted by natives; and English is one of the languages of most of the bi-lingual journals. Some of the native papers are of high character, but many of them have very limited circulation, and most of them show crude notions of political science, especially of political economy, and recklessly criticise the administration of the government, particularly its most important schemes of internal improvement. But the very existence of this unshackled press is proof of the advancement of civilization under the British sway. Bad as it is, the press is the mightiest organ of modern progress. No people among whom it is allowed free play can be stagnant; even its calumnious recklessness may have a salutary influence on governments. The discussion and collision of opinions, which are its life, cannot fail to fill with life the popular mind; and to make men think is always to make them better. Set them thinking, even to quarreling about their thoughts, and sooner or later the truth will emerge from their

disputes and prevail over their fallacies. England, then, has done a good work in producing in India a free and numerous press ; an instrument entirely un-Asiatic, and perhaps the most effective one that could be introduced for the resurrection of the dormant Oriental mind.

By this, and still more by other means, England has initiated European civilization in India, which promises to be permanent. Perverse as is the native press, and pervasive as may be the popular prejudice to which it so heedlessly ministers, she has reclaimed a host of the best native minds by her educational institutions, and set in operation internal improvements, commercial schemes, and social changes which certainly can never be reversed, and which cannot continue without revolutionizing the social, religious, and material condition of these thronging millions. Enlightened natives cannot doubt the superiority of the English sway over that of any preceding government in their recorded history. The "young India" educated in the English colleges can no longer accredit the native superstitions ; if they do not immediately become Christians, they either reject the old religions or "rationalize" them away. The higher mind of India may be said generally to have become imbued with European thought. The early stages of such changes are usually, if not necessarily, slow, but they sooner or later reach a crisis where they are no longer ambiguous, but become dominant, and, thenceforward, determine all things. The boasted "ancient civilization" is seen by these advanced minds to have been a huge though splendid fallacy. Modern science refutes it at almost every important point ; and modern thought is daily gaining ground in India. Splendid as may be the old poetry of India, profound (though unsubstantial) as may be her early philosophic speculations, her real science was of the most limited extent, and mixed and mystified with endless puerilities. It has been justly said that "her best development was represented by Europe in the Middle Ages."

Dr. Murdock mentions, with strong emphasis, as one of the greatest benefits conferred on India, that "England has given her peace." Before the English domination the peninsula was, for ages, like the Italian peninsula during the Middle Ages, the arena of continual invasion and battle ; of territorial division and subdivision ; with resultant massacres, famines, and devastations.

Even the sea, says Hunter, was a source of danger. On the Bay of Bengal the pirates from the Burmese coast sailed up the great rivers, burning the villages, massacring or carrying off into slavery the inhabitants. On the other side of the peninsula, in the Indian Ocean, piracy was conducted on a grander scale. Wealthy rajahs kept up luxurious courts upon the extortions which their pirate fleets levied from trading vessels and from the villages along the coast.

For a century England has checked this general disorder and "protected the country from all external enemies." She has done so at an annual expense to the people of only one rupee per head of the army. "The value of the product of a single province reclaimed from ruin is equal to the whole outlay." This single blessing of peace, though itself won by the sword, is an inestimable benefaction from the English to the Indians. Without it there could be no prosperity, no hope for the country ; with it, she has been able to enter upon a career the possibilities of which seem limitable only by her own will.

Under the English sway India has not only been protected against the old almost habitual invasion and ever-recurring devastation, and thereby enabled to pursue in peace her industries and develop her material interests, but a truly immense system of internal improvements has been prosecuted by the government, facilitating this material development. "The English," continues Hunter, "have had to build up, from the very foundations, the fabric of a civilized government. The material framework for such a government—public buildings, court-houses, barracks, jails, hospitals, and schools—has cost not less than five hundred millions of dollars." Even the common roads had to be largely reconstructed, for the English found the country in general ruin. The statistics of the roads of Bengal and the Bombay Presidency are imperfect; not including them, the other provinces reported, three years ago, 84,000 miles of roads. In 1884 there were 11,527 miles of railroad in operation, and 3,355 miles in course of construction. The telegraph is beginning to thread the whole country; in 1883 no less than 21,740 miles of wires were reported. The irrigating canals (a most important provision in India) have been greatly extended.

This certainly is progress; it is renovation, it is "modern civilization," and it is placing India foremost in the Asiatic world in what has been distinguished as our new "era of industrial civilization." And these are the substantial, the fundamental conditions of that civilization—conditions that cannot readily be counteracted.

A momentous result of the improved roads, especially of the railroads, is the means they afford of combating one of the most ancient and formidable calamities of the country—the frightful famines which have devastated its population in spite of its tropical fertility. "A hundred years ago," says Hunter, "famine was regarded here, not as a problem of administration, but as a visitation of God, and utterly beyond the control of man." British intelligence saw it in another light. It seldoms prevails over the whole land. One province may be starving while another has superabundant food; but the inter-communication was difficult for want of roads, and before British rule "the country," says Murdock, "was comparatively without roads. When famines prevail over a wide range, pack-oxen and carts, the old means of communication, become almost useless. The oxen require water and fodder; on the other hand, the railroad train carries its own supply of water and fuel, and conveys as much as a thousand oxen at forty times greater speed. Thus railroads are the best means of mitigating famine. In 1770 Bengal was desolated by this evil. The husbandmen sold their cattle, their implements of agriculture, devoured their seed grain, sold their sons and daughters, till at length no buyer of children could be found; they ate the leaves of the trees and the grass of the field, and in June it was reported that the living were feeding on the dead. Two years after the dearth, Warren Hastings made a progress through Bengal, and he states the loss to have been at least one-third of the inhabitants, or probably about ten millions of people. Nineteen years later Lord Cornwallis reported that one-third of Bengal was a jungle inhabited only by wild beasts."

As lately as 1877–78 five millions of people perished by famine in southern India; for the railroads were still inadequate to the urgent needs of the

country. During the decade ending in 1883, the government spent eighty-seven and one-half millions of dollars in "famine relief." But this was only tampering with the evil. The railroads were pushed onward. An American traveller, Mr. Hornaday, says :—"It would be impossible to say too much in praise of the energy and activity displayed by the Madras government in fighting for the lives of the millions under its charge. I do not see how a government could have done more. Month after month a perfect torrent of grain was poured into Madras from seaward, and for months the entire resources of the Madras railway systems were strained to the utmost to carry it into the famine districts fast enough to keep the people from dying by thousands."

The railroads also give industrial occupation to the people ; indirectly to millions by facilitating nearly all kinds of business, directly (in 1884) to nearly 200,000 functionaries and workmen, only 4,069 of whom were Europeans.

We have alluded to the irrigation works of the government, so important to a country like India. The ancient rulers constructed tanks, and some other provisions of the kind ; the English found many of them in ruins, but have repaired them, and are pushing the improvements throughout the country. Murdock says :—"The Ganges canal is the greatest irrigation work in the world. It takes about half the water of the Ganges, and distributes it between the Ganges and the Jumna. Including its branches, the canal is about seven hundred miles in length. With the branches, there are already about thirteen thousand miles of canal."

These grand provisions, we repeat, are substantial conditions of civilization ; they benefit the legislation of great rulers, for they form the basis of enduring prosperity. They have prompted the energies and resources of the country generally. India, Murdock assures us, is rich in good iron ore, but without coal it cannot be smelted on a large scale. For a number of years scientific men have been engaged upon its geological survey. Valuable coal fields have been discovered. The East India Railway uses Bengal coal, costing only two rupees per ton, while imported coal costs fifteen rupees. Cotton is the most valuable Indian export, but being much inferior in quality and price to American cotton the government imported American seed and employed American planters to improve the indigenous cotton. It commenced tea cultivation, the annual exports of which now amount to about $15,000,000. It sent an officer to South America to bring the cinchona plant, which yields the best medicine known for fever. Botanical gardens have been established to introduce new plants ; museums have been opened to make known Indian products and lead to their purchase. The government has sought, as far as possible, to educate all classes. There are colleges for high education, but schools also for the children of peasants and artisans. Even those who are degraded by the Hindus as outcasts have been considered. Through examinations for the public service an attempt has been made to give offices to the best qualified. "Fifty years ago," says Hunter, "the natives were not capable of conducting an administration according to our English ideas of honesty. During centuries of Mogul rule, almost every rural officer was paid by fees, and every official act had to be purchased. . . . It is difficult to discriminate between fees and bribes, and such a system was in itself sufficient to corrupt

the whole administration. It has taken two generations to eradicate this old taint from the native official mind. But a generation has now sprung up from whose minds it has been eradicated, and who are therefore fitted to take a much larger share in the administration than the Hindus of fifty years ago." While the British government has been exposed to incessant misrepresentation and violent calumny, it is satisfactory that some of India's most distinguished men have acknowledged the advantages it has conferred on the country. Sir Madhava Rao says: "The longer one lives, observes, and thinks, the more deeply does he feel there is no community on the face of the earth which suffers less from political evils, and more from self-inflicted, or self-accepted, or self-created, and, therefore, avoidable evils, than the Hindu community."

We have said little thus far respecting education and Christian missions, the most effective of all agencies for Indian regeneration. The truest heroes of this great field are the Careys, Judsons, and Butlers, and their successors.* The government, in order to be effective, has had to be prudent in its treatment of the religious prejudices of the people. It can only maintain universal religious toleration; and it thereby provides the freest action of Christian propagandism, and effects through missionaries what it could not do by any interference of its own. It has nevertheless dared to arrest some of the worst evils of the old faiths. It has put an end to the burning of widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands. Sanctioned, as this hideous evil was, by religion—the native "civilization"—it was so obviously an atrocity that its interdiction could be attempted, though not without some hazard. The government has delivered India from it, we trust, forever. It is too well known to need description.

The English sway has also extinguished Thuggism, one of the worst features of the "ancient civilization." India had over a hundred robber castes, and assassination was a religious characteristic of their robberies. The Thugs consecrated their crimes by fanatical devotions, and went forth on their depredations in the name of a deity—Kali or Devi—one among the 160,000,000 of Hindu gods—more than one for every man, woman, and child in that country. They revelled in their sanguinary piety two thousand years. "I am a Thug of the royal records," exclaimed one of them; "I and my father have been Thugs for twenty generations." They went over the highways strangling and robbing unsuspecting travellers, without remorse, and as a homage to their favourite deity. "Did you never feel pity for the old men and young children whom you murdered?" asked an English officer, facing one of them. "Never," was his prompt reply. Lord William Bentinck resolved to exterminate this ancient horror. Colonel Sleeman was commissioned to repress it at any risk; but it was a difficult task; he had to ferret it out, by troops, in its hidden places, but at last succeeded, and established "schools of industry" for the guilty populations and their children. Thuggism is now amenable to the law as murder. But it exists no more as a recognized order.

Such are some of the capital improvements and provisions with which

*Here we may heartily commend to our readers interested in Indian missions Dr. Butler's new book, *From Boston to Bareilly and Back.* An admirable volume both in style and entertaining facts; one of the very best works in missionary literature.

England has blessed India. She has made them not by exactions but with a great reduction of the old charges on the people, especially of taxation on the lands. At least eighty per cent. of the population live by agriculture. Justice Cunningham, one of the Famine Commissioners, says: "The usual share claimed from the cultivator by native governments was three-fifths of the gross produce of the soil. But the share of the gross produce now claimed as land revenue has sunk under British rule from more than a half to a proportion ranging between three and eight per cent., from one-thirty-third to one-twelth."

Sir James Caird affirmed, in the London *Times* (1883), that "India is not expensively governed. Compared with other countries, the Indian government expenditure, per head of the population, is one-twenty-fourth that of France, one-thirteenth that of Italy, one-twelfth that of England, and one-sixth that of Russia." Without doubt one might record pages of her errors and sins, from Clive to Hastings, and from Hastings to our day, especially of her flagrant opium culture and opium trade with China. We need not hesitate also to acknowledge that self-interest has influenced largely her work; but let us not be inconsiderate on the latter point. Self-regard is not essentially vicious selfishness; it is a universal, an instinctive law of human nature. It is often a positive virtue. England has worked for herself in India; but has worked also for India, as the best way of working for herself. She has done more; she has done here a great deal of real philanthropic and Christian work. The public policy of few Christian nations can compare, in beneficence, with hers here in the ends of the world. She has found here a magnificent field of action, full of sublime incentives; such a field as no other nation ever possessed. The local press which she has inaugurated; the presence of numerous Christian missionaries; the vigilant criticism of the home government; and, above all, the public Christian opinion of the home country, have doubtless influenced greatly her Indian administration. All impartial men may heartily acknowledge her beneficence in these circumstances. Enlightened natives do not hesitate to acknowledge it. One of them, Ranade, has publicly declared that: "The administration of this country by a handful of men, one for every hundred thousand of population, is a wonderful feat; but even this may find its parallel in the world's history. There is, however, no parallel in history where the representatives of the ruling classes have thought it their duty to strive for the moral and social regeneration of the many millions intrusted to their care."

The present dewan (prime minister) of Travancore has published his opinion of the British rule:—"We live under the mildest, the most enlightened, and the most powerful of modern governments; we enjoy in a high degree the rights of personal security and personal liberty, and the right of private property; the dwelling of the humblest and meanest subject may be said to be now as much his castle as that of the proud Englishman is his, in his native land; no man is any longer, by reason of his wealth or of his rank, so high as to be above the reach of the law, and none, on the other hand, is so poor and insignificant as to be beyond its protection. In less than a short century anarchy and confusion have been replaced by order and good government, as if by the wand of a magician, and the country has started on a career of intellectual, moral, and material

advancement of which nobody can foresee the end. Whatever may be the shortcomings of government (and perfection is not vouchsafed to human institutions and human efforts), in the unselfish and sincere desire which animates them to promote the welfare of the millions committed to their care, in the high view they take of their obligations and responsibilities as rulers, in the desire they show at all times to study the feelings and sentiments of the people and carry them along with them in all important measures, and in the spirit of benevolence which underlies all their actions, the British Indian government stands without an equal."

Such testimonies, uttered to their countrymen by educated and distinguished natives, are worth citing. They could not be uttered before a generally abused and suffering people. They would recoil and be ridiculous were they not demonstrably attested by manifest facts. We have given, thus far, only a few of these facts, but they suffice to show that, with all the faults of the Indian government, Christian England is doing a good, a great, a sublime work in this land; a work which pledges a new destiny not only to India but to the whole Oriental world. The "Light of Asia" is the light of India; she has sent forth Buddhism over the East and made it the most extensive religion numerically on the earth; but her modern, her true light is the light of Christian civilization. It has dawned at last upon all her plains and hills; it still gleams dimly amidst the general darkness, but we have good reason to believe that it has risen like the sun, inextinguishable, and to shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. We often speak of the future as belonging to America; it belongs also to Asia, as Japan and India manifestly show. John Bright prophetically but soberly asks, "If the English language is being spoken so widely over India, if the English literature is being read and studied, if the science of this country and of western nations becomes the science of the people of India, what must be the result? . . . Caste and idolatry cannot stand against the literature which is now being freely read and studied by multitudes of the most intelligent people of India."

THE SMOKE OF SACRIFICE.

LORD, I have laid my heart upon Thy altar,
But cannot get the wood to burn;
It hardly flames ere it begins to falter,
And to the dark return.

Old sap, or night-fallen dew, has damped the fuel;
In vain my breath would flame provoke;
Yet see! at every poor attempt's renewal
To Thee ascends the smoke.

'Tis all I have—smoke, failure, foiled endeavour,
Coldness and doubt and palsied lack;
Such as I have I send Thee. Perfect Giver,
Send Thou Thy lightning back.

—*George Macdonald.*

The Higher Life.

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

BY JAMES BOWKER.

THIS morn, aweary as I lay awake
Before the dawning day did dimly break
Below the curtain of the wintry rain,
I mused on mysteries of sin and pain,
And saw, as in a dream, round Olivet
A roadway gleaming in the noontide heat
As Christ our Lord, with tired, weary feet,
Passed to Jerusalem, his face firm set.
Then, when I whispered, "Lord, I too will go,"
The eyes divine illumined all my woe ;
There came a rustling in the room ;
A gleam of glory trembling through the gloom.
My hands I stretched the golden stream to stem,
And, lo ! I touched his trailing garment's hem.

"PURE IN HEART."

THOSE who speak of man as "totally depraved" do not mean that he is *dehumanized*, or that he has entirely lost that morally determined feature which is the original and distinguishing attribute of the race. They speak of man as he appears everywhere in the actual conditions and relations of life, and in contrast to a Christlike character: for though there are those who seem to have sunk below the level of the brute, strictly speaking every man has some element of good in him—a spark that furnishes the possibility of glorious ennoblement, if he be once brought under the quickening power of Divine grace. It may be latent and deeply buried—may, indeed, be wholly without the consciousness of the individual; yet it exists, and will sometimes evince itself to the surprise of all who know the man. From this point, where whatever of good there may be in human nature is so inert and unapparent that it becomes discoverable only under peculiar circumstances or in long periods of time, the duality of our being rises into different stages, until we reach a state, described by the apostle in Rom. vii., where there is a continual warfare. The two elements—good and evil—strive for the mastery. "I delight in the law

of God after the inward man," says Paul; "but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

So long as any one is full of corruption he will not be disturbed by this conflict, but it begins with the cultivation of the moral principle, and grows in intensity the more that is developed. And there are many who, through religious instruction and watchfulness, have strengthened the good and mortified the evil, until the antagonism Paul describes has become a matter of experience. At times they feel as though evil were no longer present with them, and they half believe they have thrown off its baleful influence; but it always reasserts itself, and with dominating power.

As the opposite of such an unhappy condition, the Gospel of Christ presents to us a state of peace and rest brought about by the purification of our natures. "Blessed are the pure in heart." The figure is that of a garment or article of fabric which has been cleansed by washing. All filth is removed. And so we read that the "blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." So long as sin asserts itself with any strength, we are not pure. Therefore, it is only he whose heart is *filled* with love to God and man who enjoys this high privilege. He is cleansed from all sin. No foreign element rules within; he is restored to himself. He is outwardly good, because he is inwardly good. His nature is harmonious. His life is not an involuntary servitude, but instinctive, spontaneous obedience. His character, like light, shines because it is its wont to shine. Duty is never a load, nor worship a task. He is transparent, and the life of Christ shines through him upon whatever surrounds.

Strange to say, there are many in the Christian Church who live a good degree below this condition of moral purity. There are many who, hardly admitting its possibility, take the seventh of Romans as the general standard of attainment. I have, indeed, heard that view set forth from the pulpit. More frequently, however, I have heard sermons that avowed neither one thing nor the other, but the general tone of which implied a continual presence of indwelling sin. In travelling from point to point an observer will often notice a want of heartiness and freedom in religious services. Everything betokens fear, solicitude, hesitation, doubt. Constraint and effort are apparent.

Simplicity is wanting. Sometimes there is formality and stiffness. It is not uncommon, also, to meet those whose lives carry in them little of enthusiasm and fervency; little of praise and thanksgiving; little of rejoicing, and much of wishing, longing, serving, fearing. But it is possible to rise out of these lower conditions of spiritual perturbation, and reach a state of serenity and inward peace. It is possible to have the whole man—soul, body, and spirit—moved, controlled, influenced, everywhere and under all circumstances, by love unfeigned.

There are two words of frequent occurrence in the New Testament (*eulabeia* and *eusebeia*,) both implying godly fear, reverence, piety, but there is this difference: one always denotes the *spontaneous* feeling of the heart toward God, the other does not. Only when we reach that condition of soul where godliness becomes its nature, flowing forth in the life as the water flows from the fountain, pure, free, spontaneous, constant—only then have we true heart-purity. Indeed, the figures employed to indicate a Christ-like character are a fountain and a tree. The water flows from the fountain, not by hydraulic pressure, but naturally. So, also, the fruit appears upon the tree, not because some one has put it there, but because it is its nature to bring forth fruit. Exactly so does "a good man, out of the good treasure of the heart, bring forth good things."—*Rev. W. C. Griffith.*

Into a Desert Place.

She thought it was a desert place indeed. Means of support were limited; she was a helpless invalid, sitting in her chair from morning until evening, her once busy hands utterly useless now. The baby boy, light of the heart and home, had been carried from her sight and laid by his sister's side under the sod. The other darling child was miles away with distant friends. The husband, whose presence would have given strength, was of necessity engaged in pressing duties and bearing heavy burdens. The song had gone out of her life, the roses had faded to ashes, it seemed a desert place indeed. Turning one day, with the poor disabled fingers, the leaves of her Bible, her eyes rested upon these words, "Come ye yourselves into a desert place apart, and rest awhile." She read no more: a new thought flashed in the light of the Spirit to her mind. A desert place; yes, but Jesus says "Come!"—then he goes

with me. He says "Come *yourselves*"—then I must come here willingly. Lifting her eyes to heaven she prayed, "Lord, give me grace to come where thou callest, willingly; open my eyes to see Thee with me here; open my ears to hear all that thou hast to say to me in this place apart from the world." From that hour how blessed became that seemingly desert spot! No rosy path, no busy scene, no joyous companionship she had ever known, had yielded anything that could compare with the delights of that sweet seclusion with the Lord. There she heard as never before the precious things He has to say to His beloved: such hidden depths she sounded in His Word; such undertones of melody charmed her in his promises; such deep, sweet draughts she took of living water; such a satisfied soul she had; such a close acquaintance with Jesus she found. It looked like a desert place still to her friends, but to her it was the fairest of gardens. She tarried in it for many months, till He who led her there said, "Come out now into the busy world;" and when she came, it was with better knowledge of her weak self and her strong Saviour, and better fitted for unselfish service because of those days of resting "apart" with the Lord. Dear friend, does it seem that you are in a desert place? Find Jesus there, and the solitary place shall sing for joy, and the wilderness shall blossom as the rose.

God will require an account of your life! Do not be content with those virtues which consist merely in not doing evil. It is your duty to enter the list, to love your brothers, to enlighten and console them, to lead them from vice and error, and to bring them to God. That is life, and that is man.—*Jules Simon.*

KEPT.

BY FAIRELIE THORNTON.

"I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation."—Rev. iii. 10.

KEPT from sin and Satan's power,
Kept by Jesus every hour;
Kept for Him who lives for me,
Kept His messenger to be.

Kept throughout each passing year
I shall be, so cannot fear;
Kept from every foe or harm,
Kept from all that would alarm.

Kept to live His life below,
Kept His praises here to show;
Kept from self—that evil thing—
Kept His wanderers home to bring.

Yes, I *shall* be kept, I know,
Therefore I can fear no foe.
Now I yield myself to Thee;
Jesus, Saviour, keep thou me!

Current Topics and Events.

The Royal Jubilee.

One of the most pleasing features in connection with the Queen's Jubilee has been the cordial tone of good feeling which it has called forth throughout almost the whole of the civilized world. The congratulations of the foreign powers by means of their accredited representatives have been strongly endorsed by that unflattering expression of the popular opinion, the foreign press. The following is from the *Journal des Debats*, a French paper, in an article on the Jubilee celebration, "We cordially envy Englishmen, and would give a great deal could we ever be what they are to-day—a people mad with joy and happiness. This universal homage is paid, not only to the Queen, but to the woman who has given an example of two great virtues of royalty—gravity and dignity. Her influence has been great and salutary, and her great merit is that in using her prerogative for the public weal she has never been tempted to strain its exercise."

This expression of good feeling has been especially true with the press of the United States. Notwithstanding the truckling to disloyal Catholic Irish feeling in a few cases, the utterances of the great leaders and moulders of public opinion have been of the kindly character. In the city of New York, one of the most enthusiastic jubilee meetings on the continent was that organized and promoted largely by the energy of that loyal son of Canada, Erastus Wiman.

His present mission to his native land—to promote its material prosperity by seeking greater freedom of trade between the two neighbouring and kindred peoples—is calculated, we judge, without in the least sapping our loyalty to the grand old motherland—the mother of us all—to foster peace and friendship throughout this broad continent. Such expressions of international good will go far to fulfil their own prophecy and to hasten the time—

When the war drum throbs no longer,
And the battle flag is furled
In the parliament of man, the
Federation of the world.

Methodist Reunion in England.

This great movement is making remarkable progress. Already a large number of the District Meetings of the Wesleyan, New Connexion and other Methodist Churches have pronounced emphatically in its favour. The New Connexion Conference, at its recent session at Stockport, passed by a very large majority a resolution of which the following is the closing sentence: "Believing that the movements towards union are the result of Divine leading and influence, the Conference instructs the annual committee for the ensuing year to maintain an attitude of friendly observation, and to avail itself of any opportunities which may arise to foster and advance the closer fellowship of the Methodist Churches."

This is all the more significant because our old friends, well known in Canada, Dr. Cocker and Mr. Medicraft, proposed amendments which, while expressing cordial friendship, declined to commit the Conference as in favour of organic union. Dr. Cocker's amendment was rejected by a vote of over two to one, and Mr. Medicraft's by a still larger majority. Our old Canadian friend, Dr. Watts, did good service to the union cause by his admirable address and by an excellent pamphlet he has written. The tide of fraternal feeling is rising higher and higher and we doubt not that, as was the case in Canada, the union of the Wesleyan and New Connexion Churches will be the prelude to the larger union of all the Methodist Churches in Great Britain.

The success of Methodist union

in this country, notwithstanding the incidental and transient difficulties by which it was in a few instances accompanied, has been a strong encouragement to the friends of union in the old land. The fact that in the three years since the consummation of union here, the numerical increase of the united Church has been nearly 45,000, or almost 40 per cent., is a marvellous sign and seal of the Divine approval We do not like to draw an unwarranted inference from the fact that the great Wesleyan Church, with its able ministry and the remarkable growth of its material prosperity, reports this year a slight numerical decrease, following a not greatly different result last year. We believe, however, that a general Methodist reunion in England would in a large measure be followed by such a high tide of religious prosperity as would demonstrate to the world that the reunion movement is of God.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

The Annual Conferences.

A brief account was given in our last respecting the British Columbia Conference. Two ministers, Revs. W. W. Percival and Thos. Haddon, resigned and joined other denominations. Their withdrawal is much regretted.

It is gratifying to see that a native ministry is being raised up among the Indians; native assistants are employed in several instances.

The writer of these notes, when attending the International Sunday-School Convention, enjoyed the privilege of an interview with the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, of Alaska, and was glad to hear the high estimate in which that gentleman holds the Rev. T. Crosby and his associates in British Columbia.

A Sustentation Fund to assist the equalizing of ministers' salaries was formed. The Chinese Mission and Girls' Home in Victoria was reported as having done a good work, though it had only been in operation fifteen months. A night school is held five nights in the week, a Sabbath-school is attended by from ten to fifteen persons, and the congregation at the Sabbath services sometimes numbers one hundred. Five Chinese girls had been rescued from a life of shame. Bishop Cridge, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and the Rev. D. Fraser, of the Presbyterian Church, visited the Conference and delivered addresses of greeting to their fellow-labourers in the kingdom and patience of Jesus.

The Missionary Meeting was enthusiastic. General Superintendent Williams occupied the chair. Among the speakers were, in addition, several white missionaries, a native Indian convert, and a Chinese convert, who addressed the meeting both in Chinese and English.

The services of the Rev. Dr. Williams were highly appreciated and were acknowledged in an appropriate manner by the Conference.

It is worthy of record that the Rev. W. Pollard is the only superannuated minister in this Conference; he entered the ministry in 1842.

Montreal Conference.

This Conference met at Kingston. The Rev. W. I. Shaw, LL.D., was elected President, and the Rev. J. B. Saunders, M.D., Secretary.

The public meetings of the Conference were very spirited. The Missionary Anniversary came first, and was addressed by Revs. Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Antliff, and Silas Huntington, missionary at Nipissing. General Superintendent Carman also spoke briefly. Dr. Sutherland gave as the motto for next year, "A revival on every Circuit, and $250,000 for missionary purposes."

The Educational Meeting was presided over by the Rev. Dr. W. I.

Shaw, President, and was addressed by the Revs. Dr. Dewart, Dr. Burwash and Dr. Potts, who, of course, appealed for funds on behalf of the Educational Society and the Federation scheme. A liberal response was made, $2,439 being subscribed.

The Temperance Meeting was not the least enthusiastic of the series. A number of resolutions had been presented at the Conference and adopted, condemnatory of the liquor traffic, and resolving not to support any man for the Legislature who will not pledge himself squarely to support prohibition. Similar resolutions were adopted at most of the other Conferences. Probably never in the history of Methodism was there a stronger determination on the part of ministers and people to combine for the destruction of the accursed traffic which, like the roll of the prophet, is full of mourning, lamentation and woe.

The Reception Service created great interest. Nine young men were publicly received into full connection. Dr. Carman preached the ordination sermon. The Revs. L. N. Beaudry and A. Dorion withdrew from the Conference with a view to join the M. E. Church in the United States. A Scandinavian mission is to be established in Montreal.

Stanstead College was reported as self-sustaining for the first time; $300 was subscribed towards the debt, $200 of which was contributed by the Rev. W. Hansford.

A pleasing episode occurred in the presentation of a purse of $50 to the Rev. William Scott, who has been fifty years in the ministry.

A Sustentation Fund was established, by a tax of fifteen cents on the membership, and the ministers to contribute one per cent. of their salaries It is believed that $5,000 will thus be raised.

Niagara Conference.

This Conference met at St. Catharines, June 1st. Rev. D. L. Brethour was elected President, and Rev. J. S. Ross, Secretary.

The anniversaries of the Conference were well attended. Drs. Dewart and Nelles addressed the Educational Meeting.

The Temperance Meeting was powerful; addresses were delivered by Revs. G. W. Dean, R. B. Rowe and T. W. Jackson.

The report of the Sabbath-school Committee was gratifying. There are only twenty-four appointments at which there are no Sabbath-schools. More than seven hundred conversions are reported among the children. The increase in the membership is only two hundred and thirty-three, but more than four thousand members had been received during the preceding six months. The state of the funds was reported good, though there was a slight deficiency on the Superannuation Fund appropriation. The Conference cordially recommended the Federation scheme, though no subscription was taken up.

Bay of Quinte Conference.

Peterboro' was the place of meeting. Rev. John Learoyd was elected President, and the Rev. W. Burns Secretary. Chancellor Nelles preached the ordination sermon. The Federation scheme received considerable attention, and nearly $6,000 was subscribed towards the object.

The reception service was crowded. Dr. Carman, senior General Superintendent, addressed the Ordination Class; the lovefeast was a time of refreshing. Three brethren were added to the list of superannuates, one of whom, Dr. Bredin, had been forty-five years in the "active work," and who, by a singular coincidence, closed his ministry in the town where he began.

At this Conference, as at the others, the claims of the Educational institutions of the Church were presented by one or more of the Educational staff, and suitable resolutions, congratulatory and commendatory, were adopted. The Temperance Meeting was held in the Opera House, and was addressed by Revs. A. Campbell, Wm. Burns and A. Browning.

The Missionary Department, the Book Room, and the Superannuation

Fund were all well represented. Dr. Potts received a liberal response on behalf of the Federation scheme, $5,770 being subscribed by members of the Conference.

London Conference.

Sarnia was the place of meeting. It was the first time that the town had undertaken to entertain the Conference, but it proved fully equal to the task. The Rev. W. S. Pascoe, D.D., was almost unanimously elected to the Presidency, and the Rev. B. Clement was elected Secretary.

An unusual number of visitors were present. This arose, no doubt, from the close proximity of Sarnia to the United States. The Rev. J. S. Berry, associate editor of the *Michigan Christian Advocate*, on being introduced, stated that there were fifty-eight Canadians in the Detroit Conference and one hundred and three in Michigan Conference, so that he thought Canada was a good place for manufacturing Methodist ministers.

Dr. Parker preached the ordination sermon. The Protestant pulpits of the town, and many of the Methodist pulpits in the locality, both in Canada and the United States, were occupied by members of the Conference.

Two ministers were set apart to evangelistic work. Dr. Douglas, of Montreal, attended this Conference and also Guelph and Toronto Conferences. He is always a welcome visitor at the Western Conferences. His sermons and platform addresses were greatly enjoyed. He is truly "the blind man eloquent."

Rev. W. W. Bridgman, of Manitoba Conference, now labouring as a missionary near the Rocky Mountains, was also present at this and some other Conferences. His presence and the missionary information he gave produced great interest. He ably presented the claims of the missions in the North-West, and earnestly appealed for more labourers.

The Educational Report contained many valuable suggestions. The addresses at the public meeting were of a high type. Drs. Burns, Burwash, and Douglas presented the claims of the Society. The Conference educational collection was an advance of $400.

The Statistical Committee reported that the increase of the membership is 1,185. The collections, including ministerial support, show an increase of $20,035.25. Twelve new Sabbath-schools have also been established, and an increase of one hundred and twelve teachers, and one thousand four hundred and seventy scholars was reported.

The Mount Elgin Indian Industrial Institute is within the bounds of this Conference. The Governor, Rev. W. W. Shepherd, reported that there was an average attendance of sixty-two, and that the institution is in a state of prosperity.

Guelph Conference.

This Conference opened at Galt, June 1st. The Rev. James Hannon was elected to the Presidential chair, and the Rev. J. E. Howell, M.A., Secretary. This Conference manifested more than ordinary interest in the Federation scheme, and subscribed about $10,000 for the object, also pledging itself to raise its share of the required amount, $32,000.

The various reports presented indicated a state of prosperity in all the departments of Church work. For instance, five thousand three hundred and fifty-seven members had been received on trial during the year, but the increase is only one thousand five hundred and forty-one, as the number lost by deaths, removals, etc., was very great. The increase of Sabbath-school scholars is one thousand and sixty-five; four thousand seven hundred and fifty-six scholars are reported as meeting in class. With one exception all the funds are in advance.

Four probationers were ordained; seven others were permitted to attend College. Rev. H. T. Crossley was allowed to continue his labours as an evangelist.

Toronto Conference.

This Conference met in Carlton Street Church, Toronto. General

Superintendent Dr. Carman was present until the Sabbath, when he preached the ordination sermon, and also preached at the opening of the Sherbourne Street Church. The Rev. Dr. Potts was elected President by the largest vote ever recorded since the days of Dr. Punshon. The Rev. H. Johnston, M.A., was elected Secretary. There was a large attendance both of ministers and laymen.

Four ministers have withdrawn and joined other Churches. Eight probationers were received into full connection and ordained; a Japanese native minister was also received into full connection. Six other native Japanese were continued on trial; also W. A. Elias, an Indian, who was permitted to attend College. Robert Steinhauer, B.A., another Indian, son of the late Rev. H. B. Steinhauer, is the first Indian who has received the degree of B.A. at Victoria College.

The Conference was gratified to learn that the increase of the membership is two thousand eight hundred and ninety-two. In respect of ministerial support $11,877.04 more has been paid than last year. A Sustentation Fund was formed to help weak circuits. The Treasurer of the Union Relief Fund reported that in three more years all the embarrassed churches which became involved in consequence of Union will be relieved.

The reports of the various Committees gave proof of the prosperity of the Church. There is an increase of twenty-five Sabbath-schools, more than seven thousand children have signed the temperance pledge, one thousand five hundred are meeting in class, four thousand nine hundred and eighty-three are learning the catechism, and a larger amount had been raised for Sabbath-school Aid and Extension than at any former year. The Educational Fund had an increase of $522.89.

The total promised for the Federation scheme, including previous subscriptions, exceeds $38,000. Dr. Fawcett, of Chicago, gave $100 on behalf of his father, the Rev. M. Fawcett. Rev. Geo. Hughes, Editor of the *Guide to Holiness*, New York, who was visiting the Conference, gave $25.

The Educational, Missionary, and Sunday-school Meetings were all of more than ordinary interest.

The Congregational Union held its annual meeting at the same time as the Conference. A deputation, consisting of Revs. Dr. Sutherland and W. Galbraith, LL.B., and Messrs. J. Macdonald and W. Beatty, was sent to convey fraternal greetings to the Union. Mr. Macdonald, with his usual generosity, gave the Congregational brethren a substantial proof of his esteem for their brotherhood. The Union reciprocated by sending the Revs. John Burton and John Wood and Mr. H. D. Clarke as a delegation to the Conference. Such seasons of brotherly intercourse are always edifying.

The Theological Lecture was delivered by the Rev. E. A. Stafford, M.A., LL.B., on Ecclesiastical Law. It was original and displayed extensive research.

Nova Scotia Conference.

This Conference met at Truro. Rev. Joseph Gaetz was elected President, and Rev. A. D. Morton, M.A., Secretary. An increase of seven hundred and fifty-three members was reported. There is a decrease in the missionary receipts, which is more than made up by the income of the Woman's Auxiliary. Last year the Central Board met at Halifax, and the local receipts reached an unprecedented figure.

A Sustentation Fund was formed during the year which had an income of $1,500. The Fund has the same object as a similar Fund in the Western Conferences, and bids fair to receive a liberal support, and will aid the Missionary Society. General Superintendent Dr. Carman reached the seat of Conference in time for the Sabbath, when he preached a rousing ordination sermon. Eight young men of great promise were ordained.

Several laymen were in attendance and took deep interest in the Conference proceedings; among others, Judge Chesley, of Lunenburg, who

greatly endeared himself to the brethren by his faithful attendance and wise counsels.

The brethren in the East are as much alive to the evils of the liquor traffic as those in the West, hence this Conference not only passed strong condemnatory resolutions, but also released Rev. J. S. Coffin from circuit work that he might give his whole time to the advocacy of temperance under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance.

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference.

This Conference assembled at Marysville, N.B., June 14, when the Rev. R. Wilson was elected President, and the Rev. C. H. Paisley, M.A., Secretary. There were fifty-seven ministers and twenty-five laymen present at the opening of Conference.

The missionary income reported an increase of $194.90, but the Educational Fund reports a small decrease. A Children's Fund is maintained which pays $37 per annum to each child under a certain age.

Dr. Lathern, Editor of the *Wesleyan*, addressed the Conference on the claims of the Connexional organ and the Book Room. The number of subscribers to the *Wesleyan* has greatly increased, and the affairs of the Book Room present many tokens of prosperity.

Manitoba Conference.

The city of Winnipeg was highly favoured during the month of June, inasmuch as the Presbyterian Assembly and the Methodist Conference both were held there; the latter commencing its session on June 16th.

There were forty-two ministers and nearly as many laymen present at the opening. Rev. A. Stewart, B.D., was elected President, and the Rev. J. M. Harrison, Secretary. Rev. Dr. Williams, General Superintendent, was also present and greatly aided the Conference by his valuable counsels.

Temperance, Reception, Educational, Sunday-school and Missionary meetings were held as at all the other Conferences. The poor Indians suffer greatly from the conduct of wicked men. The Conference passed resolutions which it is hoped will assist to bring about a better state of things.

The report of the Sunday-schools was gratifying. There are now ninety-eight schools, an increase of fourteen. Officers, teachers and scholars have greatly increased; four hundred and thirty-three of the latter have professed conversion.

The Sunday services were greatly enjoyed, including the ordination sermon by the General Superintendent, and the evening's discourse by the ex-President, Rev. A. Langford.

It was gratifying to learn that the membership had increased to six thousand one hundred and ninety-two, an increase of one thousand and thirty-four, or twenty per cent. The receipts for the year including all purposes show an increase of $14,627.23, or twenty-eight per cent. over last year's receipts. Better evidence of prosperity cannot be found anywhere. The Methodists in the North-West are alive to the interests of their Church, and they hope soon to have a College established in Winnipeg, both for higher education and the training of young men for the ministry.

The Death Roll.

Montreal Conference.—The Rev. Luther Houghton died April 10, 1887. He was received as a candidate for the ministry in 1853, was ordained in 1855, and travelled until 1859, when he took a supernumerary relation and settled in Brockville, where he remained until called to his eternal home. He was deservedly esteemed, and greatly aided the Church until physically disabled.

The Rev. John Walton, a native of Alston, England, where he had a good Methodist training and learned to exercise his gifts as a local preacher. He came to Canada and was received as a candidate for the ministry in 1885, and travelled until

1886. He died in September of the latter year.

Niagara Conefernce.—John Towler was a Primitive Methodist in England, where he was taken into the intinerancy in 1839, and was sent to Canada in 1850. He laboured very acceptably for several years on some of the best Circuits. For more than twenty years he resided at Brantford, and preached as often as he could. He was a man of more than ordinary ability, and finished his course in the winter of 1886.

William Newton was also a Primitive Methodist in England, and for two years he was a colleague with the present writer. He was wonderfully popular while on his probation. For more than thirty years he laboured hard in Canada in some rugged fields of toil. He died in May, 1887.

Bay of Quinte Conference.—Chas. Phillips Frizzell was converted under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Gardner, of the Niagara Conference, and eventually entered the ministry of the M. E. Church and laboured as long as his strength would allow. About two years ago he retired from the active work, and in September, 1886, he entered into rest.

W. H. Palmer was received on trial in 1871, and died at Melrose, September, 1886.

London Conference.—G. N. A. F. T. Dickson commenced his ministry in Montreal in 1851, and for twelve years he did the full work of the ministry, when his health became much impaired and he was appointed to smaller stations. In 1869 he be came stronger and again took full work, and remained the allotted time on several important Circuits in London Conference. In 1886 he took a supernumerary relation and settled in London, where he died during the sessions of the Conference of 1887. He was a good man and was greatly beloved on all his Circuits.

Guelph Conference.—James Scott died during the sessions of the Conference of 1886. He was a native of Ireland and was born in 1832, and came to Canada while he was a youth. He was converted at a camp-meeting held in Vaughan, conducted by Dr. Carroll, in 1850. He entered the Methodist New Connexion, with which denomination he continued until his health gave way. He was often thought to be near death, but as soon as he rallied a little he would go to work and toil as long as he could stand. He died calmly trusting in the Saviour.

John Turner entered the itinerancy in 1871. At the time of the Union in 1882 he was stationed within the bounds of Guelph Conference, and was labouring at Auburn in April last when death removed him to a higher sphere. He was a young minister of great devotion, and laboured unceasingly for the conversion of sinners. His brethren in the ministry greatly esteemed him, and the people among whom he laboured resolved to erect a house for the bereaved widow and children. Several ministers resolved at the Conference to send their next marriage fees to help them.

N.B.—The writer of these notes has experieneced much difficulty in collecting the statistics. He hopes that they are at least approximately accurate.

It appears that in the Conferences now named 45 probationers have been ordained, 31 received on trial, 42 probationers are allowed to attend college, 7 ministers have withdrawn, 4 have been expelled, 18 have been superannuated, some for one year and others who intend to commute their claim; 15 have died. Those not mentioned in the death roll have been previously named in our columns. Seven ministers are released from circuit work to labour as evangelists. Other Conferences will be named next month.

The increase of members, as reported in those Conferences, is 10,197.

Book Notices.

Roba de Roma. By WILLIAM WETMORE STORY. New edition. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.50.

This book long since achieved quite a classical reputation, and has now reached its eighth edition—a striking proof of its sterling merit. Mr. Story, the celebrated sculptor and poet, has lived for many years in Italy, chiefly in Rome. He loves the country and the people. He understands their language and literature like a native. He enters thoroughly into their spirit and sympathizes keenly with their social and political aspirations. His book is unquestionably the best in the language upon the subject it treats. It is absolutely necessary to him who would gain an insight into the every-day life of the people, their peculiar institutions, their quaint customs—often survivasl from mediæval times—which, like their queer costumes, are fast becoming obsolete; and the historic and religious associations which make Rome like no other city on earth. The rapid tourist who spends his week or month in Rome, and thinks he knows it, is egregiously mistaken. Except under the guidance of one like our author, whom years of residence have made at home in this "City of the Soul," "the land of all men's past," he cannot, except in the most superficial sense, be said to know it at all.

The method of this book is much more attractive than that of Hare's "Walks about Rome," admirable as that is in many respects. Story's volumes have a literary charm, a genial sense of humour, that lures one on from chapter to chapter with a continued fascination. Hare has a good deal of learned lumber that many readers will skip. Story, while not neglecting the classic and mediæval associations of the place, enters thoroughly into the living present and the recent past. For one of the valuable features of the book is its vivid photography of phases of life which are fast passing away.

This is how our author discourses of the imperishable spell that haunts the very ruins of the past: "This is one great charm of Rome, that it animates the dead figures of its history. On the spot where they lived and acted, the Cæsars change from the manikins of books to living men; and Virgil and Horace and Cicero grow to be realities when we walk down the Sacred Way and over the very pavement they may once have trod. The ghosts of history haunt their ancient habitations. Invisible companions walk with us through the streets. Vague voices call to us from the shattered tombs along the Via Appia. The past hovers like a subtle aura round the present. Haunted by its crimes, oppressed and debilitated by the fierce excesses of its empire, Rome, silent, grave and meditative, sighs over its past, wrapped in the penitent robes of the Church. Truly, as Walpole says, 'Our memory sees more than our eyes in this country.'"

Our author sees with the eye of an artist, and describes with the pen of a poet, the picturesque aspects of Roman life, and recalls and portrays with a cultured historic imagination its storied past. While no bigot, he does not hesitate to criticise the religious institutions of the country. For this his book was long placed under the ban of the "Index Expurgatorius," now happily ineffective. His account of the lottery system, which cuts the nerve of honest industry and excites a feverish gambling spirit, is a chapter full of admonition. We have only space left to briefly indicate some of the topics treated. Among these are: Street music in Rome, full of romantic interest; beggars, including the sturdy monks and friars; Christmas holidays and the Lenten season, describing many quaint customs; games, mimes, masques and puppets, full of humour; May in Rome, a richly poetical

chapter; cafes and theatres; the Colosseum; Pasquin, with much curious learning; harvest and vintage; the Campagna; markets; the Ghetto; field sports; fountains and aqueducts; births, baptisms, marriages and burials; summer in the city; the good old times, with a glance at ancient Rome. We may not further characterize these charming chapters, but will simply describe the book as essential to all who would know Rome well. For stay-at-home travellers we know no book which gives so good an account of Roman life and society.

His Star in the East: A Study of the Early Aryan Religions. By LEIGHTON PARKS, Rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston. Pp. 292. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.25.

It is a very striking and beautiful thought that compares the great historic religions of the Orient to the Star in the East, which led the Wise Men to where the Young Child lay. But is the simile a just one? The object of this book is to show that it is. The author gives a brief account of the early Aryan religions—Vedaism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Hinduism, and Zoroastrianism—showing their relations to the religion of Christ. He shows that while each of these ethnic religions contains some germ of excellence, Christianity alone of all the religions in the world unites in itself those varied excellences, and that in a higher degree than any of them; and that its pure white light combines the various coloured rays, the "broken lights" and distorted reflections, of some primitive revelation from God. Buddhism, that strange faith which for ages has been cherished by one-third of the sons of Adam, is characterized as "the most fearless facing of the stupendous facts of life, the most heroic effort to attain unto righteousness, the most sublime proclamation that knowledge is eternal life, and the sweetest picture of the soul's rest that the world has ever seen apart from the life of Jesus." But after all, though Buddhism is the least gross and anthropomorphic of the ethnic religions, yet it is but an embodied spiritual selfishness. "Its highest good is the negation of personal being." "It is the pessimism of the Oriental mind," says our author, "oppressed by the magnitude of nature and disgusted with itself, that forms the soil in which Buddhism can grow. It vanishes like a nightmare at the preaching of the redemption of the world by a greater Man of Sorrows than Gautama. Yet it has deep notes within it which find an echo in the human heart."

Of these old religions, in a wider sense than the Laureate meant, we may say:

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

God has not left the world orphaned and desolate. Even these false religions are a preparation for the true. How vast an advance is the pure morality of Buddha to on the fetichism and cannibal orgies of Dahomey! Yes,

"God fulfils Himself in many ways
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

The Story of Metlakahtla. By HENRY S. WELCOME. Pp. 483. Illustrated. Saxon & Co., London and New York. Price $1.50.

This book records one of the most successful efforts of modern times to civilize and Christianize the native tribes of the North Pacific Coast. A plain unlearned layman, with his heart filled with the love of God and love of souls, goes among those wild tribes, and through the sacred spell of the Gospel they become transformed from cruel savages to the dignity of men and the fellowship of saints. The strangest part of the story told in this book is that of the cruel persecution of this good man and his converted Indians by the high-church representative of the Church Missionary Society, the sending of a British gunboat to

coerce the Indians, their appeal to the United States for protection, and their contemplated expatriation to the neighbouring territory of Alaska. "They have been pursued and harassed and maligned," says our author, "by a religious society in the name of Christ. They have been betrayed, trampled upon and robbed by a Government whose sworn duty it is to protect them as loyal British subjects in their rights of property and religious liberty." These are serious charges. We have put the book into competent hands for a full statement of the case of the Metlakahtla Indians in this MAGAZINE. Their misrule and disquiet are all the more striking by contrast with the peace and prosperity of the Methodist Indians at the neighbouring mission of Port Simpson, the complete story of which when fully told will be one of the most remarkable in the history of missionary triumph.

New England: A Hand-book for Travellers. Pp. 437, with maps. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

Many persons will spend several hundred dollars on a summer trip who will begrudge a dollar for a guide-book, which would double their pleasure and materially reduce their expenses. It is the truest economy, both of time and money, to procure such a book as this and intelligently lay out one's plans beforehand, so as to know what there is to see and the best way to see it. This book is gotten up precisely after the manner of those model European guide-books—Karl Baedeker's. It is a compendious guide to the chief cities and popular resorts of New England, and to its chief scenic and historic attractions, including the western and northern borders from Quebec to New York. The value of the book is shown by the fact that it has reached a tenth edition, revised and augmented. It has six maps and eleven plans of cities, etc. No part of the continent so abounds in picturesque scenery, interesting towns and cities, and places of historic association, as New England. It is also the cheapest part of the country through which to travel, as the places of interest are crowded within a limited area, and rates of travel and hotels are less than in the West and South. We know of few more enjoyable pedestrian tours than up the Connecticut Valley, and through the Berkshire Hills, or White Mountains, under the guidance of this book. We have tested extensively the companion volume on Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, and can highly commend its adequacy and accuracy. Comparative few Canadians know the wealth of noble scenery and historic and romantic associations connected with their own country.

Life Among the Germans. By EMMA LOUISE PARRY. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

It is difficult, if not impossible, for a casual tourist to get an insight into the home and life and character of a foreign people. It is only by living intimately with them that this can be done. The result of such intimate intercourse is furnished in the volume under review. It is an account of life in Germany by an American lady who lived there for a number of years. She was fortunate enough to be able to see a great deal of the home-life of the people, and thus became acquainted with their manners and customs in a way which would have been impossible otherwise. Her descriptions of the Christmas festivities, the Easter ceremonies, etc., are extremely interesting. She had the good fortune to witness the great Luther celebrations also. The author went as a student to Germany, and has much to say in regard to the thorough and excellent system of teaching in the schools. Pension life, family life, social entertainments, student, musical and fine art culture, are admirably sketched. A charming account is given of a pedestrian trip through Saxon Switzerland, and of a visit to the "Luther places" and Rhineland. We cordially commend this book as a sprightly, *naive*, and intelligent sketch of German home-life.

In the Spice Islands.—A Native Village, Java.